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THE
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SEPTEMBER 26, 1966 *35 cents*

THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

WHY WE FEAR PEASANTS IN REVOLT

BARRINGTON MOORE, JR.

THE INDIAN TESTS THE MAINSTREAM

D'ARCY McNICKLE

DEATH OF THE *HERALD TRIBUNE*

JAMES G. SMART

HAPPENING ON MADISON AVENUE

THE NEW WHITNEY

ERVIN GALANTAY

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LETTERS

good start

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Ivor Kraft's article ["Head Start to What?," *The Nation,* Sept. 5] served to indicate that Mr. Kraft has never been in a slum. Indeed only the most naive would consider Head Start "a major means of salvaging Americans from poverty." Perhaps Shriver views Head Start in this way—but those running a Head Start program do not.

Mr. Kraft states that "we have no evidence that preschool contributes anything essential or particularly valuable to the child's development. . . ." Nowhere does he mention the role of parent education or parent and community participation in a Head Start project. Nowhere does he mention the role of the family workers, the family assistants ("indigenous workers"—yes, Mr. Kraft, probably some of those "welfare workers") who set up sewing and carpentry classes in the evening, who hike up and down stairways visiting, talking with parents, getting them interested and involved, or referring them if necessary to the project's social worker (God forbid!) or psychiatrist or psychologist.

If Head Start is a good project, it is much more than a kindergarten. Such a project can serve as a basis for organizing and mobilizing a slum community, and maybe saving some of the people in it. . . .

John Hill, Glickenhaus Workshop

surface trap

Toronto, Canada

DEAR SIRS: After watching the Minnesota Theatre Company production of *The Dance of Death,* Julius Novick concludes [*The Nation,* Sept. 5] that Strindberg's play is not really good. But from watching a production of that same play this summer at the Avon Theatre in Stratford, Canada, a theatregoer reaches exactly the opposite conclusion.

Having seen both productions, I suggest that Mr. Novick has fallen into the familiar trap for imperceptive critics of confusing the performance with the text. In simple fact, the actors at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre and their director only scratched the surface of things. . . . In Stratford, where a group of actors repeated, in English, a production first given by them in French in Montreal . . . there was no doubt of the characters' reality, the intensity and enormity of the conflict between husband and wife, above all no doubt of the excellence of the play.

Nathan Cohen, Theatre Critic, Toronto Star

living off the surplus

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In his review of several publications on the New Left [*The Nation,* July 4] James O'Connor asserts that "for the first time in the history of any society, the economic surplus in contemporary America exceeds necessary costs of production. . . ." But however "economic surplus" may be defined, has surplus, small or large, not always exceeded necessary costs of production? Mr. O'Connor claims that many people today live off the surplus which, he suggests, raises the probability that the struggle between the "propertied and propertyless" must be pursued on basically different lines than labor conflict of the past. On what lines? The most basic fact of capitalism—the enormous inequality in the distribution of income, which Marx's concept of surplus value so masterfully explains—has not changed; if anything, the inequality may have become even greater than before. . . .

Otto Nathan

EDITORIALS

The 'Election'

The polling in South Vietnam on September 11 was a demonstration, not an election. In the September 13 *World Journal Tribune,* Bob Considine quoted a high-ranking American source in Saigon in a candid appraisal: "The people clearly decided that, in any contest between the government and the VC, they favored the government *because it had more clout.*" (Italics added.) He should, of course, have limited his observation to the areas controlled by the Ky government. If an election were declared in areas where the Vietcong collect taxes, draft men, punish defection and are in effect the government, the people would as readily turn out at their behest and vote for their candidates.

There are other reasons for discounting the bipartisan elation that has greeted the surge of voters to the polls. Contrary to the impression created here that they were tasting the joys of democracy for the first time, they have been subjected to eleven elections prior to this one. In August of 1963, some 92 per cent of the electorate went to the polls to express their enthusiasm for Ngo Dinh Diem, a heavier turn-out than the 80.8 per cent which has made Nguyen Cao Ky so happy. The American press reported the results of the 1963 election with the same joy it has shown for the current test of strength, but soon thereafter Diem was on the skids and no one tried to save him except Madame Nhu.

The Ky government began to prepare for the test months ago. The techniques were described in detail by Robert Keatley in *The Wall Street Journal* (September 9). The aim was to raise what one analyst called the "anxiety level" of the people. Military commands were ordered to conduct a whispering campaign to the effect that "refusal to vote will someday cause a loss of civil rights." This was probably less of a threat than the impression that somehow, soon, citizens would be in trouble if they did not show up at the polls to select someone. Whom they selected was of little importance, since all the candidates had been hand-picked by the military. All VC sympathizers, neutralists, dissenters, et al., had been ruled off beforehand. Anti-Ky hard liners had been jailed with the suppression of the Buddhist campaign in the spring. The Ky government in Saigon, and the Johnson government in Washington, had nothing to lose and something to gain.

No issues were presented to the voters. The election, so-called, was totally nonpolitical. Among some 4.25 million voters it is likely that after twenty years of carnage a substantial number would have much preferred to cast their ballots against the American presence in Vietnam, but they could vote only for candidates whose lives depended on the American presence. Under these conditions, it was stupid for the Vietcong to contest the election by terror. In the government-controlled areas they could not succeed, and the conditions of the election could have been allowed to speak for themselves.

The military are now in a position to cloak themselves in legitimacy—how spurious it is does not matter. They are probably assured of control for a year or more. The assem-

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bly can convert itself into a parliament by so providing in the constitution it is to write, but the members do not have anything resembling a free hand—Ky and the generals saw to that. The military can offer any number of amendments to the constitution. Such amendments will take effect unless voted down by a two-thirds majority. The military have firm control of all but a handful of the delegates, so there is no possibility that the situation will get out of hand. Besides, if the debate becomes too lively and someone forgets his proper role, they can always resort to real muscle. This is Vietnam.

Beyond these immediate results, a thin ray of hope may be discerned. There is always danger in pretending to democracy—it may engender a desire for the real thing. Unless Ky and Johnson can produce a quick, decisive military victory (and the odds against that are little influenced by the results of the election) the yearning for peace will continue to rise, except, of course, among the direct beneficiaries of the war. As one diplomat put it, no one can tell at this juncture whether the assembly will function as a safety valve, which was Ky's intention in agreeing to an election, or as a pressure cooker. If the latter, the generals will have to dismantle it. But that would be a setback which might prove disastrous. On the other hand, even a slight measure of free speech could be dangerous. The generals and their American colleagues have gained something, but how much, and for how long, remains to be seen.

Secret Research at Universities

The question of whether universities should accept government grants to engage in classified research of a military character needs to be clarified. Such contracts are tempting. Financially they may be of substantial benefit to the university, and they are eagerly sought by career-minded professors, some of whom are more interested in research than in teaching. The less pleasant aspect of this academic opulence is that at some undetermined level of secrecy the institution ceases to be a university and becomes an adjunct of the military.

Faculties have become increasingly uneasy on this issue. It has been heatedly but inconclusively debated at Stanford. Recent action at the University of Pennsylvania holds out hope of advancing the discussion. Pennsylvania has come under faculty criticism for its involvement in research dealing with chemical and biological warfare. Now it has announced a new policy. Existing contracts for classified work will not be canceled, but a committee of eight will be set up to screen proposals. Four members will be selected by the university senate, four by the president; the eight will select a chairman. The guiding principle will be to avoid contracts that limit publication of the results of the research. This is calculated to rule out work dealing exclusively with weapons and seems like a step forward.

However, in a letter to *The New York Times*, Herbert J. Spiro, professor of political science at Pennsylvania, raises a good point. The Pennsylvania policy, as stated by President Gaylord P. Harnwell, is that "the results of all research must be freely publishable." Professor Spiro points out that publication may be a side issue. For a variety of reasons — decorum, consideration for living persons, scholarly cau-

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tion — researchers, including those in the humanities and politics, may choose to defer publication or not to publish at all. Their obligation is to promote the development of knowledge and, while publication is certainly an important means to that end, it is not the only one. Do we need to be reminded that teaching also promotes the development of knowledge?

Broadly, the development of knowledge is always a *collegial* process, and it is hindered when the university becomes the guardian of classified material and obligates itself to apply nonacademic standards, such as national security criteria, to its collegium. Those scholars—engineering professors, for instance—whose hearts are set on military research have a simple remedy. They can resign from the university and work for the military services directly, or for arms contractors. They will sacrifice job security, of course, but surely that is a minor consideration.

Spiro feels that academic integrity can best be maintained by establishing safeguards on the *input* side of research contracts rather than at the output. This is the Harvard policy. As stated by McGeorge Bundy (when he was dean) before the Senate Committee on Government Operations, except in time of all-out war, Harvard has engaged only in "open research on basic subjects," has avoided engagement in secret government research, and has declined to "accept responsibility for the administration of security clearances of any kind." This is clear-cut, and other universities would do well to follow Harvard's lead.

Backlash in the Bay State

Politics can make not only strange bedfellows but some pretty strange beds as well. Ex-Governor Endicott H. Peabody appears to have won the Massachusetts Democratic primary for Senator by being more agile than his principal rival, former Boston Mayor John Collins, at avoiding the major local issue of school desegregation. In view of Peabody's vigorous support of civil rights in the past, his failure to declare himself in this area may at first glance have seemed surprising.

But a possible reason is easy to surmise. The biggest vote getter in the Boston area for some time has been School Committee Chairman Louise Day Hicks, an implacable foe of integration, school busing, or any other gesture to redress the racial imbalance in quality of schooling, which Boston shares with other major cities. By his silence, Peabody wooed and won Mrs. Hicks's backlash vote.

Now he will have to change beds rather quickly. His Republican opponent, Edward Brooke, would, if elected, become the first Negro in the U.S. Senate since Reconstruction days. Whether he has other qualifications seems beside the point; in Massachusetts he is a showpiece of racial tolerance—a role he has played most gracefully as the state's attorney general.

The only exception to the bedfellow aphorism in this sad campaign was Thomas Boylston Adams. He ran principally as a "peace" candidate (we sometimes wonder if those who use that phrase pejoratively really consider peace a fringe issue), and was the only one of the three aspirants to express himself forthrightly on all the major issues. A political newcomer, he captured nearly 10 per cent of the vote.

Johnson and His Jewish Critics

It was a strange and disturbing story that American Jews read on the eve of the Jewish New Year. The President, they were told, could not understand why many prominent Jews were among the critics of his Vietnamese policy. One reason given for the President's mystification was that he knew Jews to be moral, compassionate and well informed in foreign affairs. This would seem rather to account for opposition to an inhuman course of action, as many Americans, Jews and non-Jews, have come to regard the Johnson policy in Southeast Asia. But to the President anti-communism justifies any and all measures, and since American Jews are predominantly anti-Communist, his feeling is that they should go along with him and not raise questions. More than that, the President was represented as feeling that Jews should be especially eager to have the United States fulfill commitments to small nations like South Vietnam, since they had a natural interest in the welfare of another small nation—Israel.

The first question is whether the President was accurately quoted, as in the story which appeared in the September 11 *New York Times*, beginning, "President Johnson had another opportunity this week to raise with Jewish visitors one of his persistent plaints about some members of the American Jewish community." The visitors were Malcolm A. Tarlov of Norwalk, Conn., the new national commander of the Jewish War Veterans, and several associates. After a vigorous debate at the national convention in August, the Jewish War Veterans had voted in favor of the U.S. Vietnamese policy and the delegation came to assure the President of this support. They came away, the story went on, determined "to persuade Jews that they could not expect the United States to live up to its commitments to Israel if they opposed respect for much more explicit commitments in Southeast Asia."

This blunt statement caused anxiety both in Israel and among American Jews. It seemed not only to question their right to differ with the President on a crucial question of foreign policy but it carried the implication of arm twisting, with Israel used for increased leverage. In a follow-up story by Max Frankel in the *Times* of September 13, Dr. William A. Wexler and Rabbi Jay Kaufman, president and executive vice president, respectively, of B'nai B'rith, reported that they had seen Mr. Johnson at the White House on September 10 and had found no justification for such an inference. The President was either misunderstood or poorly interpreted by other Jewish visitors, they said.

As far as Mr. Tarlov is concerned, the President was not misunderstood or poorly interpreted. Mr. Tarlov told *The Nation* on September 13 that the *Times* story of September 11 was correct. Mr. Johnson had held a press conference at which Mr. Frankel was present, he had said substantially what the story reported, and subsequently he had not retracted or qualified it.

That the President has been employing this tactic for some time can also be substantiated. Back in June, Marianne Means, a columnist for the *Los Angeles Herald Express*, reported that Mr. Johnson was speaking out on Vietnam in increasingly blunt, aggressive terms. As an example, Miss Means reported that, speaking to a friend, Mr. Johnson had remarked that he could not understand why those who were

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interested in another small country (Israel) that we were also protecting should be so critical of our policy in Vietnam. The friend was a wealthy Jewish businessman from New York. The President had related this conversation to a group of state legislators meeting in the Rose Garden.

Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg is now using his good offices to smooth the matter over, if possible. He will hardly be able to remove the bad taste that the affair leaves in one's mouth. What Mr. Johnson has said publicly on this subject, not merely what others reported him to have said, is, as Senator Javits characterized it on N.B.C. September 14, truly "deplorable." And what he has said publicly—as to the state legislators in the Rose Garden—tends to confirm what Mr. Tarlov quotes him as having said privately. Because an issue has now been made of what the President has said, more is needed than private assurances relayed by Ambassador Goldberg. The President himself should confirm or deny the remarks attributed to him and he should then clarify what he intended to convey by these remarks. The best answer to Mr. Johnson was given by Dr. Abraham Joshua Heschel, professor at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America and an outspoken opponent of the Vietnamese war. Said Dr. Heschel: "If Abraham had no hesitation about challenging the judgment of God over Sodom and Gomorrah, lest it should sweep away the innocent with the guilty, should not an American have the right to challenge the judgment of our President when horrified by the war in Vietnam?"

The Limits of Horror

The New York Film Festival, now in its fourth season, has established itself as the opening non-event of the city's cultural season. It is that because the core of its offering, embellished with attractive shorts and glamorous personal appearances, is a group of foreign films which are in any case scheduled for early showing in New York and elsewhere. Offering them in a package at Philharmonic Hall produces an aura of excitement, much as does the annual showing of new car models at the Coliseum. It is probably good for the future box office of these pictures to be screened at Lincoln Center, but a showcase is not a festival.

An exception to the above this year was the American première of *The War Game,* made by Peter Watkins for the B.B.C. but suppressed by that agency as being too gruesome for the home screen. The festival screening may win the picture a theatre run in this country.

It is worth seeing, but perhaps more as a tour de force than as a warning. The form of the picture is a screened feature story — what is called in America a TV special — on the events leading up to and following for some weeks upon a Russian nuclear attack on Great Britain. The footage intersperses scenes of terror, destruction, crime, shock and hideous pain with official instructions and observations (used for maximum irony) from the world's spiritual leaders on the morality or necessity of war. It is certainly a harrowing fifty minutes. More important, it is utterly convincing: your eyes assure you that these frightful scenes could not have been faked, and you must rely on your mind to remind you that only cameramen with the gift of prophecy could have been so consistently at the right place at the right time (and immune to the devastation). Orson Welles was an amateur at this sort of electronic trickery.

But that it would have "awakened" the British public if the B.B.C. had dared to broadcast it is another question. Oddly enough, for all its excruciating detail and atmosphere of general devastation, the film is essentially hopeful. And that is because it must make certain basic assumptions in order to tell its story. It must assume that the B.B.C. withstands the attack, that enough of the forms of society are preserved for the camera teams to do their jobs, that survivors with intact receivers remain in sufficient numbers and in a state of sufficient sanity to make the broadcast worth while.

With sinking heart, one realizes that this picture is projecting the very kind of aftermath that Herman Kahn and the other high priests of the war game predict: yes indeed, a nuclear attack would be highly unpleasant, but civilization would survive (or, as this film suggests, Anglican priests would still pray over the condemned and *Holy Night* would be heard on Christmas Eve). And television itself has a softening effect on any horror: by the time you see it, it is over, and—more important—it didn't happen to you. The film never suggests what anyone looking at it might have done to prevent such ghastliness, and it evades the fact that an atomic attack on an industrially advanced country means quite simply annihilation. It projects a major disaster which is different in size but not in nature from, say, the bombing of Dresden or a volcanic eruption. It could not project the total deadliness of atomic warfare; that is something a man must evoke for himself in the sleepless hours of the night.

Condon for Regent

Colorado is in a position to honor itself, and advance its own comparative standing in the field of higher education, by choosing Dr. Edward U. Condon as a regent of the University of Colorado.

The post is elective and partisan, and Dr. Condon is running as a Democrat. Dr. Condon was formerly Director of the U.S. Bureau of Standards and scientific adviser to the special U.S. Senate committee which approved the bill establishing the Atomic Energy Commission. He is a world-famous physicist, recipient of many honors at the hands of his fellows, among them the presidency of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

As president of the Colorado Scientific Development Commission established by the state legislature in 1966, he is leading the effort to bring the proposed $375 million National Accelerator laboratory to Colorado, where the state has offered a capacious site near Denver and other scientific facilities such as the National Center for Atmospheric Research.

Seldom has a person so active and able in science offered himself for a policy post in state education, and seldom has a state had such a chance to show the nation that it is in earnest in honoring and promoting the cause of higher education. The University of Colorado has a fine reputation among state universities; lack of means in a state of comparatively small population is perhaps the main reason why it isn't automatically mentioned among the foremost. A Condon on its board might make the difference.

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Death of the *Herald Tribune*

JAMES G. SMART
Mr. Smart is an associate professor of history at Keene (N.H.) State College.

The death of the New York *Herald Tribune*, a fairly recent convert to some popular causes, was nonetheless not surprising. Reading habits change slowly, and the *Herald Tribune* had for too many years been the spokesman for conservatism and a too reluctant champion of underprivileged humanity. The result was a continually shrinking circulation, which usually means a decline in advertising; and without ads a paper cannot function.

The original *Tribune*, under its founder and first editor Horace Greeley, was *the* symbol of popular causes. It was that identification with suffering and struggling humanity that made both Greeley and the *Tribune* great. One could, and many did, make fun of Greeley for his socialism, his Fourierism, his spiritism, his vegetarianism and all the other isms with which he was connected. All his experiments, however, even when put together in conflicting array, could no more hide his general identification with the people than they could hide his exceptional talent as editor.

Greeley's interest in the West—"Go West, Young Man," the founding of Greeley, Colo.—was a manifestation of his concern for the underprivileged; people could better themselves in a region of greater opportunity. His *Weekly Tribune* carried a large section devoted to the problems of Western farmers, and the most authoritative agriculturists of the day contributed to it. The paper attained an unprecedented rural subscription of 200,000. No other paper could come within 150,000 of "Uncle Horace's Try-bune," the "Bible of the West." At Greeley's death, many newspapers commented on the number of poor people who paid their last respects to the humanitarian editor.

A short time afterward the *Tribune* abandoned popular causes for causes of wealthy, well-educated gentlemen like Whitelaw Reid, who became owner, publisher and editor of the paper after Greeley's death in 1872. Reid was talented and a hard worker. He was offered the editorship of *The Nation* in 1865, but chose carpetbagging in Louisiana instead. He was only 35 when he assumed control of the *Tribune*, but he had already spent his liberalism. An antislavery man in the 1850s and 1860s, he had decided by 1870 that Negro citizenship was a failure, should be called such, and that the South should be governed by its prewar and Civil War leadership. For the remainder of his long life he directed the *Tribune* to a vigorous, if monotonous, defense of conservative ideas, both social and financial.

Reid's actions confirmed the sincerity of his ideas, and no action was more to the point than his long battle with "Big Six," the typographical union founded by Greeley. The battle lasted fifteen years. Though Reid had to give in by 1892 because he was then Vice Presidential candidate on the Republican ticket, the struggle could hardly be considered a union victory. The battle was so protracted and filled with such hatred that the rancor caused by it would take a long time in dying. Perhaps it never died.

Reid began to struggle with "Big Six" in 1877, which was the fourth year of a six-year depression. He had already cut wages twice, which amounted to about a 20 per cent reduction. He had not thought of reducing them further until a slave-driving foreman named William P. Thompson came along. He promised a $680 per month saving in wages. It was enough for Reid, who fired his old foreman and hired Thompson. Scab labor and police were lined up in advance of the announcement for wage reductions so that there was no violence or interruption in publication. Reid's economic gains were impressive. After the first week of the strike Reid kept nearly $675 that would have gone to compositors' wages under the old contracts. "After we got these figures," Reid wrote friend Royal Phelps, "came the semi-annual meeting of our stockholders," to which it was a "pleasant feature" to report a "net profit of forty odd thousand dollars for the past six months, with good prospects of making better for the next six."

The first phase of the strike lasted six years, until 1883 when Reid went to his home in Ohio to visit friends and relatives. While he was away, the scab workers joined the union and forced demands on Thompson, who did not appear very brave in the absence of his employer. But Reid soon found cause for breaking the union contract; more scabs were recruited, the police were again notified, and four weeks later Reid kicked "Big Six" out of his offices. The strike against the *Tribune* was on again, this time for nine more years.

The paper had lost its catholic appeal and no longer even tried to identify itself with anyone it considered lower class. When in 1877 laborers complained that their children cried for bread, the paper's Bourbon-like answer was: "Now the man whose children cry for bread, when he is earning even one dollar a day, spends money in other ways and neglects his children." Really, the editorial concluded, "there is no end to the desires of men" (issue of July 24, 1877).

After its defeat in 1883, "Big Six" founded its own newspaper, *The Boycotter*, which had death "to the most pronounced opponent of the workingmen of America, the New York *Tribune*," as its sole purpose. *The Boycotter* claimed that 75,000 workers supported its actions against the *Tribune*. Reid was a close friend of James G. Blaine, Presidential nominee in 1884, and the very existence of *The Boycotter* was an embarrassment to the politically sensitive Blaine. Reid would not settle the strike for all of Blaine's pleading. "Big Six" had the satisfaction of believing it held the votes that defeated Blaine, for 1,200 votes in New York City alone would have given him the Presidency.

Shortly after "Big Six" struck in 1877, Reid had to uphold his circulation by a political deal with Boss Thomas C. Platt. The agreement was that Reid would treat Platt's friend, machine politician Roscoe Conkling, "fairly" and Platt would see that his political machine pushed sales, and even subsidized sales, of the *Tribune* as good Republican campaign literature. The Western circulation that Greeley built up had rapidly disappeared (due in part, it must be admitted, to a youthful and vigorous Western press) and by the early 1880s the *Herald* surpassed the *Tribune* in circulation. William Walter Phelps, another close friend of Reid,

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wrote in 1880 that he had seen only one reference to the *Tribune* in Europe and added: "But that is the only sign since New York of the *Tribune's* existence, for it's *Herald* everywhere. The Captain of the S.S. [Steamship], the travellers on it, the clubs and hotels here all have [the] *Herald* & nothing else."

Reid was able to keep up political deals and thus the circulation as long as he was actively editing the paper. When he retired in the first decade of the 20th century, he had to help finance the *Tribune* from his own personal fortune. After Reid's death in 1912—which was *not* noted for the number of poor people who paid their last respects—the paper was carried on by Reid's able son and daughter-in-law, Ogden and Helen Rogers Reid. The merger in 1924 with the *Herald* was successful; and the old *Trib* had another chance. But in World War II the temptation to make money, even at the sacrifice of its readers, was, as in the days of Thompson, overpowering. Newsprint was rationed. The *Herald Tribune* decided to use available space for ads and sacrifice the news content. Those interested in more details of the war had to consult the *Times*. The *Times* pulled ahead and the *Tribune* was never able to catch up.

A history of the *Tribune*, and the later *Herald Tribune*, would not explain the breakdown of negotiations in mid-August, 1966, between "Big Six" and other unions on one side, and Messrs. Whitney, Thayer, et al., on the other side; but the union's suffering and defeats of the past, and the paper's long alienation from the causes of humanity, are factors that must be taken into consideration when discussing the death of old "Uncle Horace's Try-bune."

THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

Why We Fear Peasants in Revolt

BARRINGTON MOORE, JR.

Mr. Moore is a senior research fellow at the Russian Research Center, and a lecturer on sociology at Harvard University. His Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy: Lord and Peasant in the Making of the Modern World *will be published by Beacon Press in October.*

Not so long ago, it was possible to claim that the United States, for all its shortcomings, was at least trying to solve the main problems of the 20th century without resort to massive cruelty against its own population or that of other countries. This seemed to be the characteristic that most sharply distinguished American democracy from totalitarian regimes and even from those European democracies that held remnants of a colonial empire. If the American capitalist machine showed some tendency to charge around out of control, at least like no other in history it had solved the problems of pressing material want.

Meanwhile, in response to popular demands, the government from time to time took measures, so it appeared, to bring the capitalist machine under control and soften very considerably its impact upon its victims. Intelligent people knew that America had an ugly race problem, but there was obvious, if painfully slow, progress in that area too. Slums, billboards and television furnished America's critics with an ugly and depressing spectacle. Yet it seemed that the ugliness, perhaps even *some* of the continuing injustices, might be a price worth paying for a society that attacked its problems without deliberate cruelty. By moving slowly, and it was hoped steadily, the United States had at the very least avoided the fate of Nazi Germany, of Stalinist Russia.

With the first Cuban crisis this comforting view of America's behavior in the world began to seem dubious. It became apparent then that the United States would use its military power to try to crush regimes that made revolutionary demands for a better life, if it deemed these regimes a threat to its own interests. Vietnam and a number of other related events, among them American action in Guatemala, the Dominican Republic and Brazil, revealed the United States as the military bastion of counterrevolution, willing and able to rain fire upon those made impatient by hunger. So far, the main victims of the American way of life have not been Americans (though our casualty lists are beginning to grow). They are foreigners, but they are victims of

London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

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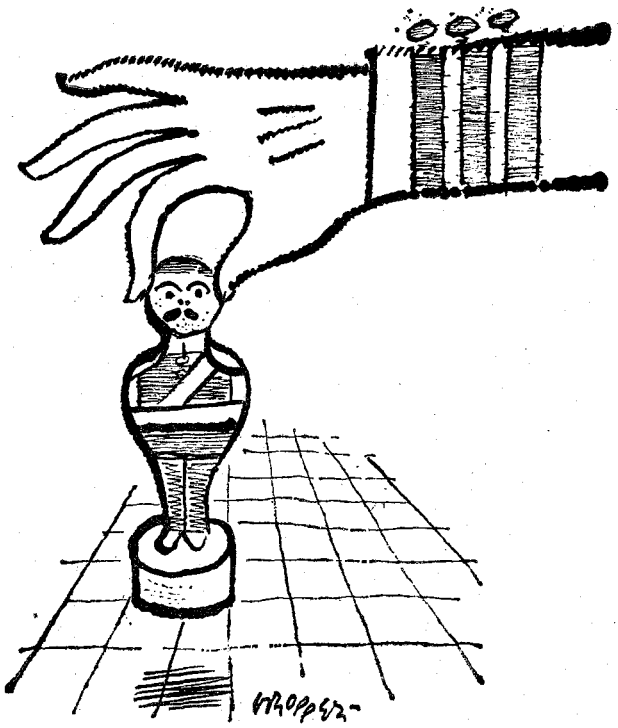
American policy in exactly the sense that the inhabitants of concentration camps were the victims of Stalinist policy.

How has this come about? The key lies, I believe, in the great wave of peasant revolutions that has swept the world in the past half-century as part of the still larger sweep of post-capitalist industrialization, and in the American decision to resist that wave with armed might.

After the Russian Revolution, and even more after the Chinese Revolution, it became impossible to speak in neo-Marxist terms about the idiocy of rural life or to regard the peasant as a mere object of history, something



acted upon by historical forces but contributing nothing to them. Nevertheless, it remains true that the main contribution of the peasants to these great events was a destructive one. Agrarian distress furnished the explosive that brought down the old order in both Russia and China, and enabled the Communists to usher in a new phase of history. To the work of constructing a new social order the peasants have been allowed to contribute little or nothing. Instead they have been its major victims.

Furthermore, the peasants' role has differed sharply from one country to another in accord with varying historical conditions. In Russia, still overwhelmingly agrarian in 1917, the peasants' part in the overthrow of the old order was immense. At the same time, the Bolsheviks had no following among the peasants and came to power on the backs of a segment of the industrial workers whose revolts in the big cities brought about the final collapse. Chinese Communists took power in a manner much closer to a pure peasant revolution. And in other cases, the peasants have not risen, though they had reason. In India, the peasant has remained mainly an object of history. Japan made the transition to a version of modern industrial capitalism without a peasant revolution, indeed without any violent revolution.

Because of the present tendency to regard Japanese industrialization as a success story, and for even more important reasons, it is necessary to look at this case more closely. In straight economic terms Japan's nonrevolutionary entrance into the age of industrial capitalism was indeed a remarkable success. So for that matter was the corresponding entrance that Germany made, after the abortive revolution of 1848. Politically, however, these victories may have been disasters, leading in time to fascism and World War II. Without claiming that the march toward fascism was inevitable, one can trace a connection between the survival of pre-industrial social formations and political habits, the corresponding weakness of the bourgeois impulse, and the ways in which Germany, Japan and other countries succumbed to fascism. Comparative historical evidence is not firm proof; nevertheless, it is suggestive that the three states where parliamentary democracy became most firmly established, England, France and the United States, went through a period of revolution (or civil war; the distinction is mainly verbal).

On the basis of this record it is possible to draw two conclusions. First, the widespread notion that a revolution is somehow a prerequisite to industrial growth is false. Before one can draw comfort from this point, however, it is necessary to take account of its corollary: for modernization to mean progress in human freedom a revolutionary break with the past seems to be necessary. Again, one cannot prove the necessity; one can only note connections between what has taken place with and without revolutions. Nor does a revolution guarantee success in establishing a freer society; it only creates some of the possibilities. However, with these limitations and qualifications it is correct, I believe, to regard the peasant revolutions of the 20th century as the successors to and even the continuation of revolutionary processes that established Western democracy.

The main propelling force behind modern peasant revolutions is often called parasitic landlordism. Political landlordism might be a better term because it suggests more clearly the central features. Over most of the Asian continent the native landed upper classes did not take up commercial agriculture. Their response to the coming of the modern world was almost the exact opposite of the one familiar to Americans, i.e., increased use of machines, bigger units of cultivation, a sharp reduction in human toil. In China and India, Western imperialism helped to prevent this kind of transformation, but geographical factors and social structures inherited from the past were almost certainly much more important reasons.

Throughout Asia the landlord antedates the coming of the West. Rising population, together with a lack of opportunities for work in the cities, under Asian conditions forces more and more land-hungry peasants to bid for the right to cultivate smaller and smaller plots of land. Where this happens, the landed upper classes are strongly tempted to avoid risky innovations, to sit back and allow the pressure of events to drive up their rents. In order to take advantage of this situation they must employ political levers, including customary sanctions inherited from earlier days, to keep the peasants working and paying. As traditional sanctions gradually lose their effectiveness, the landlords resort more and more to the police and the army until the

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government becomes little more than a vast rent-collecting agency, as was finally the case under Chiang Kai-shek.

The misery produced by political landlordism is obvious; almost as obvious is the fact that by itself such misery will not produce a revolutionary outbreak. In the past century the Indian peasants have suffered just about as much in a strict material sense as did the peasants of China. But in comparison with the Chinese peasant the Indian peasant has been docile. There is at least moderately good evidence that this difference extends far back in time. Some types of society and historical experience are likely to generate peasant revolts and eventually to favor a peasant revolution; others are quite unlikely to do so.

Among the factors most apt to be relevant are the social structure of the peasant community and the character of the institutional links between the peasants and the upper classes who live off their labor. Partly because the Japanese village was a solidary unit that muffled dissident voices among the peasants at the same time that it was penetrated by many influences from the upper classes, the Japanese were able to make political landlordism into one of the devices for what Marxists call primitive capitalist accumulation. The Japanese Government could make the peasants pay the costs of industrialization and still contain revolutionary tendencies, a feat that helped to produce the Japanese variant of fascism. In India, the caste system was the main mechanism through which the landed upper classes extracted an economic surplus from the countryside. Caste rendered a central government unnecessary from the standpoint of local elites; it was an excrescence and the product of intermittent conquest. In China, the central government did play an essential role in shaping the social order and extracting a surplus, and the different functions of government in China and India help to explain differences in the behavior of their respective peasant masses. To sum up these variations, although political landlordism has been a basic trend in many part of the world, it has produced major revolutionary upheavals only in Russia and China.

At least that is the case so far. Will the revolutionary wave continue? I do not know enough about the other underdeveloped parts of the world—Latin America, Africa, the Middle East—to speak with confidence. Still, there are persuasive general grounds for believing that the revolutionary wave may have passed its peak. Just as generals often base their strategy on the previous war, so may Chinese Communists now base their hopes and strategies on their earlier victory. The economically backward parts of the world today, including India, are politically and socially fragmented. This may mean that a revolution, even if it succeeded, would have vastly less world significance than did the revolutions in such potentially powerful countries as Russia and China. A revolution in Cuba is mainly important for Cuba; a revolution in Algeria important for Algeria, though of course there is some resonance.

Why then is the American Government quite literally trying to burn these revolutionary movements off the face of the earth? There are three possible answers. The first, accepted by both the Administration and its radical critics, is that these movements constitute, along with Chinese power, a mortal threat to American capitalism. A second possible answer holds that these revolutionary movements do not constitute a really serious threat, and that the moves to exterminate them are monstrous irrationalities of American policy. These aggressive reflexes can be interpreted either as a manifestation inherent in modern American capitalist society (as the radical critics say), or—and this is the third answer—as policies whose real causes are in large measure contingent and accidental.

An absolutely clear-cut choice among these answers is impossible. Though the weight of evidence points toward the conclusion that American policy is by no means the inevitable expression of American society, and that the threat it faces is no mortal one at all, there is small comfort to be had here. The longer these policies continue in force, the more will American society *become* dependent upon its counterrevolutionary role. Since there is no now foreseeable prospect that these policies will change, the radical image of the United States—despite any flaws in its analysis—is likely to become the correct one.

To dispute one version of the radical thesis, it seems highly unlikely that American capitalism depends upon imperialist exploitation. In particular, the American stake in the exploitation of backward areas of the world is probably far from crucial. It is well known that the advanced capitalist countries are one another's best customers. Though figures on these matters are far from dependable, the estimate of the French economist Robert Frossaert that imperialist superprofits form no more than 1 or 2 per cent of the national income of advanced capitalist countries helps us gain a perspective on the question.

May the revolutionary movements, on the other hand, be no more than preliminary skirmishes in a straightforward military threat from China? But the United States is desperately trying to establish vital interests close to China rather than to defend interests it already has. Under the

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conditions of warfare in the missile age, when the United States has bases on Guam and in the Philippines and a fleet of Polaris submarines, the notion that Americans need another base in Vietnam is hard to swallow.

But the fact that it is difficult, if not impossible, to explain American policy through any narrow conception of economic or strategic interests is not a powerful counter-argument to the radical thesis. If anything, it strengthens the most tenable of the radical arguments: that modern American society is inherently destructive. Behind such reasonings, too, are certain currents of Marxist thought. Baran and Sweezy, for example, conclude that American monopoly capitalism precludes any humane and constructive use of America's productive power that would go beyond mere sops to keep the underlying population in line with prevailing policies. To a non-economist their present diagnosis does not look very different from that of many liberal economists who have discussed the causes of stagnation in 20th-century capitalism. The key point is that under modern conditions the big firms have difficulty finding ways to reinvest their profits. (That this is not the case at the present moment does not damage the general argument.) Unlike the liberals, however, Marxists hold that no real solution is possible within the present framework of American society. Since serious constructive moves are blocked by the character of the system and the dominant interests it serves, the technological power that it nevertheless creates pours out in destructive ways: war and waste.

It is possible to agree with this radical description and condemnation of American society without being sure that the diagnosis of the causes is correct. A glance at the historical record is enough to raise serious doubts. Up to a point, the Marxist argument makes sense, but at a crucial point it collapses.

The Second World War, it is widely agreed, pulled capitalism out of the depression. Fascism too, one can argue, was in part a consequence of capitalism, though in my judgment, and for the reasons given earlier, a particular form of capitalism that had grown up as a result of a non-revolutionary entrance into the age of modern industry. This feature modifies the Marxist thesis considerably, though one still must agree that the Second World War saved democratic capitalism from the embarrassing task of having to find out if it could solve its own problems peacefully. Since then the United States has been almost continuously in some form of war boom. In *The Postwar American Economy,* Alvin Hansen, certainly no Marxist, asserts that between 1948 and 1963 "defense played twice as powerful an expansionist role as private investment." Clearly the economy was sick, and the war boom has been the main "cure."

The question nevertheless remains whether the illness of the economy, as the Marxist argument maintains, was the main *cause* of the war boom. To believe that it was it is necessary to deny that Stalinist socialism played any significant part in bringing on the cold war. From that it would follow that under Stalin the Soviet Union constituted a freer and more humane society than did the capitalist democracies in the years after the Second World War, and for a long time previously. It becomes necessary to believe that at the end of this conflict Stalinist Russia was so much a satisfied power that it would have made no moves against the West even if this part of the world had completely disarmed. It is necessary to believe that Western, and especially American, business circles forced through a rearmament program against a danger to democracy that was almost entirely imaginary. There are people who can believe such arguments, but doing so puts an enormous strain on the organs of credulity.

It is probably closer to the mark to hold that the conflict between capitalist and socialist states, rather than their domestic social institutions, has been the main factor behind the deformations of socialism and liberal democracy. This conflict may be seen as the modern manifestation of the age-old system of competing sovereign states. Under such competition the only way for a state to gain "security" is to become stronger than its potential rivals. Rivals that must be taken seriously are those that are themselves strong, regardless of their social structure and doctrinal predilections. Conflicts occur among states with similar social structures at least as often as among those with different ones. Hence the system of international anarchy itself often imposes "aggressive" policies upon states whose domestic structure might incline them in peaceable directions.

This explanation cannot be applied universally. Domestic factors played an important part in the aggressive policies of Germany and Japan in their Fascist phase, and in other times and places as well. My sense of the situation in the United States is that business interests did their best to climb aboard the defense juggernaut rather than set the monster in motion. Now, however, it is here and firmly entrenched, a major factor in the American political climate.

To put the point another way, both socialism and democratic capitalism in and by themselves might be a great deal more capable of change in the direction of a moderately decent and free society than anyone has ever suspected. But socialism and capitalism have never existed in and by themselves; hence we are unlikely ever to know what possibilities they contained. Stalinist policies helped to destroy affirmative policies in American society, to change the United States into the affluent version of the garrison state. In turn, the United States now blocks off the prospects for greater freedom which have begun to appear in Russia.

Now the conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union is gradually ceasing to be the main axis of international conflicts. Chiefly as a result of American policies, the international arena is becoming a stage for a conflict between those states that have achieved industrial civilization and those that seek to achieve it by revolutionary methods. As the latest comer to the industrial world, the Soviet Union balances precariously between the two camps, anxious to avoid the nuclear catastrophe that could destroy civilization. Each step America takes in escalating the war in Vietnam destroys whatever confidence remains that it will not be the first to resort to Armageddon for the preservation of "freedom." Every bomb that falls on helpless peasants destroys the clearest claim upon humanity's allegiance that Western democracy once could make: that it was no terrorist society, that for all its defects it was a way of solving problems peacefully, and for that reason well worth defending. At bottom, this was perhaps always an illusion. Now, at any rate, each day's headlines shatter it. Such talk no longer carries with it the hope of the future, but the stink of death.

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The Indian Tests the Mainstream

D'ARCY McNICKLE

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Throwing a commissioner of Indian Affairs out of office is not earthshaking news. It happens from time to time, without unsettling the stock market or diverting attention from the rising hem line. It happened only recently, when Philleo Nash, former Lieutenant Governor of Wisconsin and previously a member of President Truman's palace guard, was given the heave-ho.

But such an event, unnoticed elsewhere, can produce dismay if not trauma among the Indian people, particularly if the commissioner has won their esteem, as did Mr. Nash. When, in addition, the ouster of the commissioner is coupled with a Senate committee report in which it is charged that "the Bureau [of Indian Affairs] is more interested in perpetuating its hold on Indians and their property than in bringing them into the mainstream of American life," the Indians look anxiously about, wondering who their friends are and from what quarter to expect an assault. Attacks against the bureau in and out of Congress have been used to obscure efforts to gain access to Indian property or to diminish Indian legal rights. If Indians were not notoriously a patient people and a people given to consensus thinking, they would have succumbed to neuroses before now.

It is not by accident that in the two great social movements of our time—the civil rights revolution and the radical attack on the causes of poverty—the American Indian is the least involved of any ethnic or cultural group in the nation. Some would insist that of all groups Indians should be the most concerned because of their need and because of their anomalous situation in the economy. The fact that they are touched so lightly by these massive events must have a significance, if we can define it and account for it.

It is not that Indians are ignored or forgotten. Certain major newspapers—*The New York Times, The Christian Science Monitor*—frequently carry full-length descriptive articles on current Indian issues. A few years ago, before going on to ambush the automobile industry, Ralph Nader devoted an entire issue of the *Harvard Law Review,* of which he was then editor, to an examination of legal and political questions affecting Indians. Other journals in recent times have given over their pages entirely to Indian subject matter, among them *The Annals* of The American Academy of Political and Social Science, and *Human Organization,* the journal of the Society for Applied Anthropology. Various church bodies have conducted Indian studies and issued special reports. Soon after President Kennedy took office, a Task Force created by the Secretary of the Interior traveled extensively through the Indian country and issued a report of its findings and a body of recommendations, which appeared at about the same time that the Fund for the Republic released a somewhat comparable synoptic report. And finally, the Office of Economic Opportunity, within a few weeks of its establishment, designated all Indian reservations as "pockets of poverty" entitled to aid.

But to say that the Indian people have not been ignored is not to say that their situation or their aspirations have been understood. The Fall 1965 issue of *Mid-Continent American Studies Journal,* published at the University of Kansas, deserves special mention here because its collection of articles does attempt to let the Indian stand forth as a person and a group member in our contemporary industrialized society—to give some meaning to the values that operate in Indian life. The guest editor for this special issue, Nancy Oestrich Lurie, sets the theme for the several essays by asking: Is there an Indian renaissance? In posing the question she is asking for explanations of certain observed actions, attitudes and developments which especially distinguish today's younger Indians from their fathers and grandfathers. She remarks that notable changes seem to have occurred: Where do they lead? Toward absorption in the white man's industrial world? Or toward increased Indianness?

Whether or not the question is properly phrased — and some of the writers quarrel with the term renaissance — it is suggestive of what many observers have noted in other contexts: that Indians are more socially visible. The change may well be in the eyes of the observer, as Dr. Lurie herself suggests: "Perhaps in the last accounting, the renaissance is the change in the non-Indian world in regard to the Indian world rather than the reverse."

That the surmise is at least half true, the articles in this special issue demonstrate. The most perceptive of them reveal an acquaintanceship with contemporary Indian life and a sophistication in interpreting the observed event which was not encountered in the literature of the 1930s. When Murray and Rosalie Wax write on "Education for What?" they are looking at formal schooling from the Indian's point of view, and trying to determine, with the Indian, how education can serve an Indian group purpose. No one thirty years ago was looking at Indian education from any viewpoints but those of individual success and movement out from the group.

When Robert Thomas writes about Indian powwows, he is not concerned with the diffusion of dance types or music or costume, but rather with the psychic needs of the Indian people which pull them into urban neighborhood centers or on cross-country treks to meet other Indians. Until recently, few people were aware of the trails the Indians follow, whether on horseback in the back country or in a pickup truck on paved roads, to get to "where the action is" with other tribesmen. Indian visiting, even when cited in the ethnologist's field notes, was used as an example of time wasting and a regrettable survival of a dysfunctional culture trait.

When Henry Dobyns examines some of the developments in tribal self-government, he finds a dynamic which is "increasing the tribal share of benefits" and reducing "the degree of subordination of the tribesmen." The net effect of these experiences, he explains, has been to confirm the basic tenet on which John Collier founded his administration as Commissioner of Indian Affairs (1933-45)—"Responsible

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democracy is, of all experiences, the most therapeutic, the most disciplinary, the most dynamogenic and the most productive of efficiency." Dobyns remarks that "for all the attention that has been devoted to tribal people in the United States," no one previously has attempted to test the scientific validity of Collier's generalization.

These brief references will indicate somewhat the extent to which the scientific observer at least has developed his conceptual tools and his ability to see a people within its own cultural perspective. And this leads to the second half of the question: What are the indicators of change within the Indian community during the same period?

One such indicator certainly is that Indians are speaking out — in public hearings, in news media, and particularly through organizations of their own making. When thirty-odd tribes met in Denver, Colo., in 1944 to form the National Congress of American Indians they acted almost without precedent and certainly in no tradition. Indians have been tribal people, which is like saying a Frenchman is a Frenchman, except when he wants to embarrass an Englishman by calling himself a European. Even where they adjoined other tribes, they kept their boundaries neat and tidy. Now they are becoming "Indians" as well as tribesmen. Since the creation of the Indian Congress as a national body, intertribal councils have been formed within state boundaries and within geographic regions. The newest of these organized voices is that of the National Indian Youth Council which, as the name suggests, is made up of younger tribal members, many of them college-trained.

What are Indians saying, with their new-found voices? The phrasing is varied, reflecting the local environment and local experiences. The Canadian writer, D. G. Poole, reported on conversations he had last summer with Canadian Indians at a meeting of the National Indian Council, which is in some respects a counterpart of the National Congress of American Indians in the States. What he heard at that council meeting in Manitoba could as well have been said to him in Montana or Arizona.

A young man, a university student, commented:

> What frightens me most about white society is the terrible loneliness. What I mean is that you never seem so much alone as when you are gathered together. . . . What you call friendships are usually what we would call exclusive alliances of two or three or half a dozen against the world. Tribal people have an inclusive social sensitivity which no white person ever experiences. . . . It is funny to hear the isolated white man advocating integration for Indians. To us, he seems to be saying, "Come, join us and be lonely." It is dishonest to use the word integration. You have never wanted us to integrate, but only to conform. Why is it that any cultural difference—not only Indian but anywhere in the world—is an aggravation to white people?

At the University of Chicago in the summer of 1961, some 400 Indians met in a weeklong conference to find, if they could, common values and common bases for action. The experience of meeting in annual conventions of the National Congress of American Indians and in many state and regional meetings made possible this Chicago conference. It is unlikely that such a gathering could have occurred in the 1930s, or that consensus could have been reached to produce the Declaration of Purpose unanimously adopted in 1961. This declaration concludes:

> When Indians speak of the continent they yielded, they are not referring only to the loss of some millions of acres in real estate. They have in mind that the land supported a universe of things they knew, valued, and loved. . . . What we ask of America is not charity, not paternalism, even when benevolent. We ask only that the nature of our situation be recognized and made the basis of policy and action.
>
> In short, the Indians ask for assistance, technical and financial, for the time needed, however long that may be, to regain in the America of the space age some measure of the adjustment they enjoyed as the original possessors of their native land.

This Indian voice was heard on another occasion, in the words of the young executive secretary of the National Indian Youth Council, Mel Thom. Speaking just after Philleo Nash had been replaced as Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs had scolded the bureau for not turning more Indians loose (i.e., terminating federal responsibility), Thom commented:

> Watts is full of rural, uneducated people who have no homes and no chance. Now it appears that the United States Senate wants to create similar urban ghettos filled with uneducated, unprepared Indians. Indians need help in developing resources on their own reservations. The reservations are our ancestral homes, and we should be allowed to live on them peacefully. There is no sense in fighting for the rights of the South Vietnamese to determine their own future, and at the same time, forcing American Indians from their lands and denying them the right to decide their own future.

Clearly, the Indians have changed. In their meetings of thirty years ago, they talked mostly about "the big claims" — the folk term applied to land claims against the government, but which conveyed an overburden of distrust and hostility vis-à-vis the white man. When John Collier convened regional meetings throughout the Indian country to elicit tribal views about the then pending Wheeler-Howard bill (subsequently adopted as the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934), he received mostly complaints directed at local bureau personnel and local hardship conditions. The complaints were real, but they conveyed no sense of an "Indian" dialectic, of involvement in their own fate.

It is still said that Indians cannot agree on what they want, and the allegation is used to justify action in Congress or the Executive branch without waiting for or even seeking Indian consent. This was especially noticeable in the Eisenhower administration, when various dismembering laws were adopted because, as the herd-riding Senator Watkins charged, the Indians would never "make up their minds" (to accept tribal disintegration) if left to themselves.

The fact is that Indians do know their needs, as they always have. The problem has always been to get such outsiders as administrators and Congressmen to listen when they fail to hear what they want to hear. What has been happening in these later years is that Indians more and more are talking in the language of politics. "Give us home rule," they are saying, in effect, "and we will vote for you or your party." It may not be a renaissance, but the Indians have mounted an appeal to democratic conscience.

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Thus far they have come, and there they hang — the least involved in and the least served by the social upheaval of our times.

The same Senate committee report referred to in the second paragraph found that "Indians remain at the bottom of the economic ladder, have the highest rate of unemployment, live in the poorest housing, and suffer chronic poverty." It quoted the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, who found that "in 1965, 16,000 Indian children between the ages of 8 and 16 were not enrolled in school; half of these were forced to forgo education because of lack of facilities . . . [and] the dropout rate among Indians is 50 per cent compared to a national average of 29 per cent."

The committee expressed itself as "shocked."

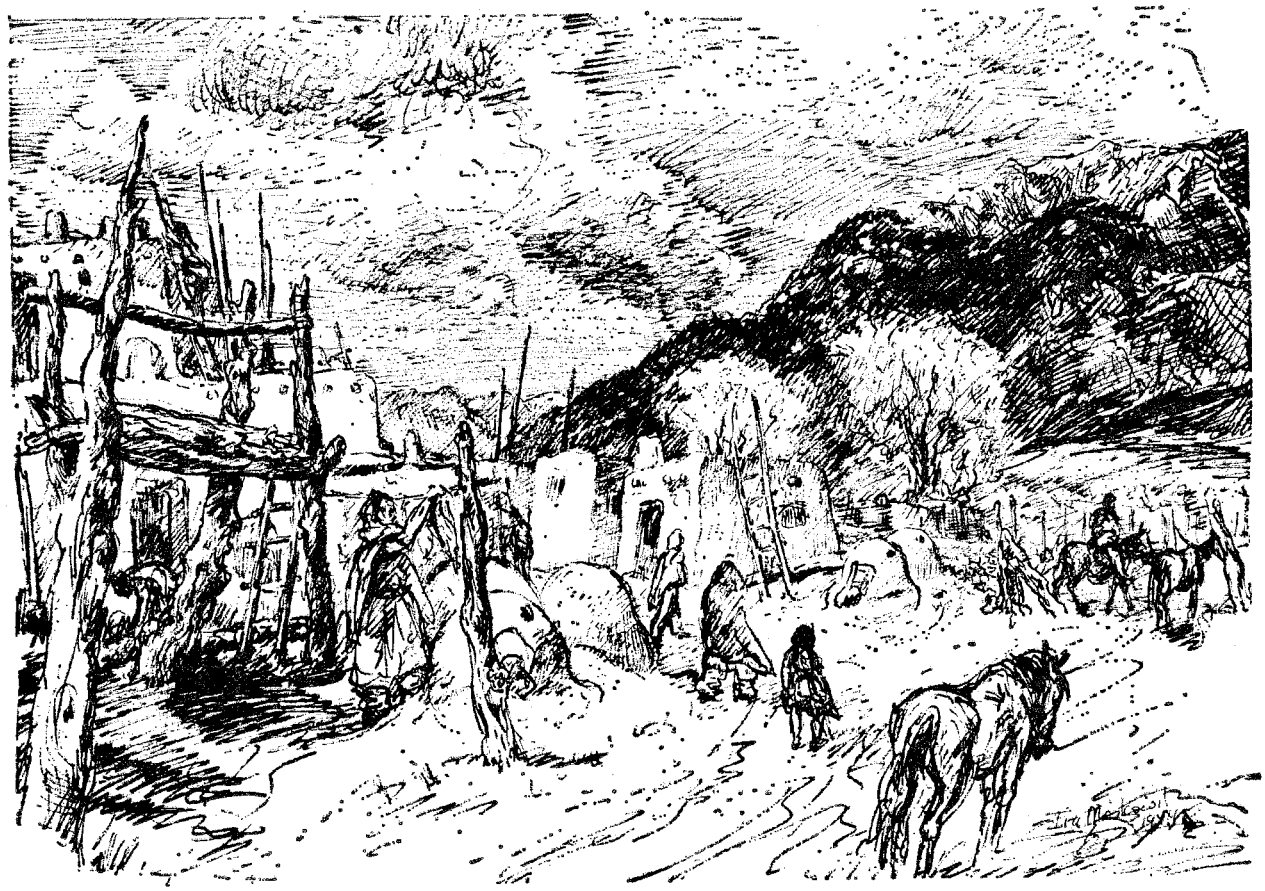
Two motivating factors need to be mentioned at this point, the first of minor importance but effective in its way. It was discussed by a young Montana tribesman, speaking at the annual convention of the National Congress of American Indians last year. He remarked: "We find it difficult to move some of our older people because they think if they show progress of any kind, the federal government will start termination proceedings against the tribe. . . . The fear of termination is impeding progress of Indians in this area rather than helping develop self-sufficiency."

Related to this state of mind is the hesitancy to accept grants for programs offered by the Office of Economic Opportunity. The Indians want to know whether the funds received from this source will later be charged against them if their tribe should be awarded a money judgment in a claims case against the government.

A more constant and pervasive factor in the Indian situation is the concern with identity. For a very long time, since in fact the first arrival of Europeans in the New World, the Indian people were told that they were an inferior human stock. Nothing that has happened in recent years — notwithstanding civil rights legislation — has indicated a radical re-evaluation by the white man of his racist ideas. Discrimination on grounds of race or creed has been found to be a drag on the economy and the cause of social unrest — and it makes America look bad in the eyes of the world — but the drive to eliminate racism can hardly be ascribed to a fundamental moral revulsion. And indications to the contrary are not lacking in Indian experience.

One of the supremacist objections to Indian landholding is that Indians make inferior use of the land. A kindred argument is used in the drive to abrogate treaty-guaranteed fishing rights in Indian waters in the Northwest — the allegation being that Indians are wasteful in the taking of fish, an allegation that ignores two sets of facts: (1) that Indians fish for subsistence primarily, not for sport; and (2) Indians followed conservation practices long before there were conservation laws.

The land-utilization argument has been especially effective in blocking the efforts of the Alaska natives to establish rightful ownership to areas on which they have subsisted since long before Russian occupation. Many such areas are now found to be mineral rich. If such lands should be vested in the Indians, as the treaty with Russia and subsequent acts of Congress promised, some natives might become wealthy, and some white men be denied. Senator Gruening



Ira Moskowitz

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is willing to let the taxpayer relieve Uncle Sam of embarrassment by paying for these inchoate rights, but he is vigorously opposed to passing title to the lands on which Indians and Eskimos depend for a living.

The Navajo Indians learned some years ago that they could not prevail against white men when they attempted, with the support of Secretary Ickes' Department of the Interior, to regain possession of the lands lying east of the present reservation which had been part of their original home territory. Some 8,000 to 9,000 Navajos were actually living in the area as squatters, renters or holders of individual trust allotments, as against fewer than 100 white families. But the white owners included some very large cattle and sheep men, heavily financed by local bankers, whereas the Navajos were subsistence farmers, who planted their little fields in the hollows of the land where spring moisture accumulated, and at other times followed their small bands of sheep and goats from dawn to dusk. Not an efficient use of the land, but it supported the people and their independence. Legislation designed to transfer the land to the tribe in 1936 was defeated single-handedly by New Mexico's Senator Chavez, who owed no political obligations to the Navajo people.

The Houma Indians, numbering some 2,000, remnants of various Muskogian tribes that once inhabited the Mississippi delta country and eastward, for generations followed their quiet ways, hunting muskrats and taking shrimp in the bayou waters of the delta country. They kept to themselves, molesting no one and only occasionally being disturbed by outsiders who found that trapping paid well and moved in to take over territory previously used by the Indians. In recent years, however, with the discovery of rich deposits of oil and natural gas, the situation is changing rapidly. Suddenly it is discovered that the Indians have no title to the lands, or cannot prove title. Roads are built in the area to reach oil fields, and the new accessibility makes it possible for many more outsiders to enter and pre-empt trapping grounds. Sludge from offshore-oil operations pollutes the waters, damaging fishing grounds and oyster beds.

The argument that Indians have a lesser claim to the land because they make less efficient use of its resources is as old as North American settlement. Neither the logic nor the moral tone of the argument has improved with age, and in its historical projection it has proved disastrous. The 90 million acres of "inefficiently used" lands, which were legally removed from Indian ownership in the forty-year period 1890-1930, made inevitable the dire poverty in which Indians live today. Now, a "shocked" Senate committee wants the damage repaired, or some lesser part of it — more jobs, more schools, more medical care. But, significantly, it also wants federal responsibility terminated. Hereafter if Indians continue to live in poverty it will be their own fault.

Most tribes need look no further than their own experience to find examples of contemptuous and even brutish treatment — Hopi Indians still remember that fifty years ago they were driven like cattle through dipping vats in a delousing campaign. When Indians are exhorted to abandon their peculiar tribal ways and join the "mainstream" of American society, it should cause no wonder if they question whether they will, in fact and in practice, be allowed to join that society as paid-up members. It is no exercise in academic jargon when Indians talk about identity.

They have a deep-seated conviction, rational or not, that once they cut loose from the past, abandon tribal ties, and commit themselves to urban-industrial existence, they will become a faceless people in an alien world. And that, in their instinctual thinking, would make their poverty unbearable. So long as they cling to a name, they have a destiny.

The recital of these details takes on significance when we turn finally to the reasons for the dismissal of Philleo Nash as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The imminence of Nash's removal was rumored in the Indian country for several months, but never with any clearly stated reasons as to why this was to come about. When it did not happen at once, Indians became hopeful that the rumor would fade away.

They had learned to respect and to have confidence in Nash, the first commissioner of whom that could be said since John Collier resigned in 1945. An anthropologist by training, Nash knew what the people were expressing when they talked about tribal government, tribal resources, tribal identity.

Speaking before the Institute on Human Relations at Fisk University in 1965, Nash declared: "For those who prefer to continue tribal life, I stand firmly on the ground that they have every right to do so, and that the United States Government, at the same time, has an obligation to see that the penalty for being Indian is not abject poverty."

Possibly it was the wrong doctrine and the wrong timing, with powerful men in Congress still committed to a policy of dismembering the last of the Indian estate and unilaterally releasing the government from responsibility for helping the Indian people to achieve a tolerable accommodation in American society.

The reasons for the removal, when finally given to the public, were only faintly critical. Secretary of the Interior Udall, who made the decision, acknowledged that "the past five years in many ways have been good for the Indian people. We have had good leadership. . . ."

President Johnson, in accepting Nash's resignation, noted: "During your incumbency, the Indian people have renewed their confidence in government. . . . You led an early attack in the war on poverty before that war was formally declared. Your sensitive guidance of programs on Indian reservations furnished a valuable blueprint for the larger effort which followed."

Whatever the accomplishment, it was "not enough," in Udall's phrasing. Soon after the resignation, he called a meeting of top bureau officials in Santa Fe, at which he expressed what probably was his major concern: "Our country has moved into an unprecedented period of peacetime prosperity. The increase in our Gross National Product in the past five years has been larger than the total GNP of most nations in the world. . . . Yet in that period of rising economy the poverty question, of which the Indians are only a part, becomes more and more embarrassing. . . . This is an inconsistency that is intolerable in a country as rich and wealthy as ours. . . . The Indian people should be tied to the great things that have been happening."

Part of the answer Udall brought to the Santa Fe conference was more involvement by other areas of government, federal and state, by the universities and by private business. He asked, "What would IBM or A.T.&T. or

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Standard Oil of New Jersey do with the resources owned by the Indian people?"

And answered himself: "We may need some new laws and some new help. I think the Indian trusteeship way that we have operated in the past has been like having hobbles and handcuffs on at the same time. . . . I hope to get Congressional support for new ideas." He drew the thought out further by saying: "We could single out ten or twelve reservations with good resources, some of the best in the country, for development — and not a major corporation in this country that would not take resources these Indians have and increase the value ten or twenty times in the next twenty years."

While these ideas were being aired behind closed doors (in an Episcopal church building), Indians cooled their heels on the outside. An emergency meeting of the National Congress of American Indians had been called for the same time, in the hope that a dialogue might develop between the government men and the Indians whose affairs were being discussed.

It was perhaps a vain expectation. The conference was limited to experts, at which expert decisions would be reached. The Secretary satisfied himself of his fair-mindedness by agreeing to speak to the Indians separately on the second night of the two-day meeting and, according to a newspaper report, he "stayed to mingle and shake hands with Indians from all over the nation."

The outcome of these events cannot be casually estimated. The notion that what is needed to solve Indian problems is the determined use of power — the big push — is not new. It has been employed at various times — in forcing the division of tribal lands, in kidnaping Indian children for distant boarding schools, in insisting that tribes such as the Klamath and Menominee divide up their assets and release the government of further responsibility. Whenever force has been used, it has been necessary to go back later and try to repair the damage inflicted — and the problem which called out the show of power remained unsolved.

It is not suggested that the Administration is contemplating new power plays in its relations with the Indian people. But there is an indicated impatience with the pace at which Indians are moving. A Philleo Nash who takes account of that pace and tries to accommodate to it, is out of a job. The Senate committee wants more termination legislation. The Secretary wants more involvement by outsiders who would know what to do with Indian resources. The circumstances and personalities involved lend themselves to hurried decisions and hurried methods which, if Indian consent is not forthcoming, will prevail in the absence of consent.

The difficulties which burden the Indian will not yield to mere pressure, and the proposal to involve men talented in market operations, who wouldn't know a powwow from a pogo stick, is less than reassuring.

The odds are strictly against solution by government, whatever pressures or gimmicks or legislative attacks are invoked. The Indian Bureau is usually pictured as a monolithic structure moving mindlessly through time when, in fact, it is not self-contained and is not a continuity. Its commissioner, the nominal head, cannot move independently of the Secretary of the Interior. The latter cannot move independently of the Bureau of the Budget. And all are subject to the policies of Congress, whatever they may be.

In the area of program administration, starts and stops come with every new commissioner, with every change at the Area Office level, with every transfer of an agency superintendent. Even the promotion to a bigger job of an effective schoolteacher can subvert the entire relationship between school and community. These changes at the field level, where contact with Indian people is immediate and critical, are frequent and are built into the system.

The inevitable conclusion is that government is not structurally or functionally designed to work out solutions. The men who operate within the system cannot stay long enough to learn their jobs, and in any case men are selected for these jobs within a classified system which is related to law and procedure, not to communities of people.

But if government cannot perform, that leaves only the Indians. They are the ones who remain in the community and seek answers while all others, government men, missionaries, traders, come and go.

It is obvious what must happen. The function of decision must be taken from the expert administrators and the wielders of power and put into the community, where decisions belong. This will need public support. The Indians are ready, as their own statements suggest—statements, as we have tried to show here, which grow out of consensus thinking, in the way of Indian tradition.

When decision making is restored to the Indian people (they were making decisions as living societies long before Columbus blundered into his first landfall), they can be expected to become involved in their own fate. It will be appropriate after that, and in due course, for them to become concerned with the fate of the larger society and with their place in it.

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LATIN AMERICA V

Economic Integration for Progress

FEDERICO G. GIL
Mr. Gil is professor of political science and director of the Institute of Latin American Studies at the University of North Carolina. As a consultant to the Inter-American Development Bank, he participated in the establishment of the Institute for Latin American Integration at Buenos Aires in 1965.

During the last few years, technicians and economists in Latin America have been advocating regional integration as the most feasible, indeed, the only viable instrument whereby their countries can develop. After World War II, industrialization was thought to be the answer, but as the early drive in that direction has slowed, many specialists and political leaders have come to realize that industrialization by itself was not enough. To be sure, advances in industrialization have brought profound social and political adjustments, but they have not eliminated the region's problems. Frequently lacking natural resources, as well as the techniques required to develop heavy industry, these nations have also been faced with inadequate financial means and a continuing dependence upon foreign sources of capital. The countries which made the most impressive postwar advances, such as Argentina, Chile or Uruguay, are precisely the ones most plagued today by oppressive economic stagnation.

The industrialization process has stagnated from inherent limitations of domestic markets and an inability to compete in the world market. It can scarcely expand beyond a fairly rudimentary stage as long as the Latin American economies are based on raw-material exports which fail to produce income sufficient to pay for the capital goods required by industry. Postwar shortages, import substitutions, the liberal use of government funds have spent themselves. In spite of some impressive strides along the road to economic growth, the rate of increase for gross product is still well below that of the developed nations, and is to a large extent offset by the spectacular population explosion.

The view that the present stagnation can be overcome by expansion of markets to a regional basis, thereby meeting the cost of new basic industries, was held at first only by the technicians; recently, it has begun to permeate the circles of the political elites. Integration is attracting the interest and concern of political parties, trade union leaders, industrialists, businessmen, intellectuals and other segments of Latin American public opinion. Foreign observers have, generally speaking, dismissed this new current as a modern manifestation of the century-old dream of a united Latin America, entertained by Bolívar and other liberators of the era of emancipation. But these observers may well be underestimating the vigor and dynamism of what is gradually becoming a hemispheric movement.

Acceptance of the idea of interdependence and the need for a regional approach to economic development has been made easier by a number of factors. First, a burgeoning middle class demands progress and access to higher economic development, as do a growing industrial proletariat and a recently awakened mass of rural workers. These segments of Latin American society have been the principal victims of inflation. They constitute the core of newly emerging political forces.

The appeal of integration is heightened further by consideration of the international scene. Many Latin Americans see today's highly stratified international system as one divided into two camps—the developed and the underdeveloped. In terms of power, prestige and economic status, they find their respective nations grouped with the have-not Asian and African states at the lower levels of international society. Champions of integration argue for the creation of regional social, economic and political structures as providing the only substantial hope of raising the status of Latin America and obtaining adequate participation in the decision-making process of the world. If Latin America wants its voice heard within the council of nations, it must speak as a single bloc. In further support of its position, integrationists point to the strong trend toward regionalization of socio-political relations in Europe.

Although these arguments are persuasive, exceedingly baffling obstacles exist. Many of the difficulties are economic, but some are closely tied to geographic, social or political conditions. Natural barriers—mountains, jungles, vast expanses of wasteland—prevent the development of transportation and communication. Region-spanning roads are practically nonexistent on the continent; only 3.2 per cent of the world's permanent highways and 8 per cent of the world's railways are in Latin America. Its own merchant marine transports only 6 per cent of Latin America's ocean freight; the result is a $650 million deficit in the balance of payments for transportation and handling charges. Air transportation, although more advanced, is handicapped by inability to meet the cost of technological advances and the competition of foreign enterprises.

Among the social problems is the historical dualism of societies in which the interests of propertied landowners clash with those of the rural masses. Despite the gradual emergence of the middle sectors, this dual nature of society prevails in most countries. Conservative landowners and businessmen reject change as inimical to their interests; regional integration, in their view, would be change on a most alarming scale. Aside from illiteracy, roughly 50 per cent for the area as a whole, Latin American education, formalistic and therefore not geared to practical national needs, has failed to produce the professionals and technicians demanded by development. For example, some 26,000 agricultural engineers were active in 1962, but by 1970, agrarian reform programs will require a minimum of 60,000, and all Latin American universities combined are producing only 2,000 agricultural engineers a year.

Another force working potently against integration is xenophobia. The intensification of nationalism in the past century and a half is definitely an obstacle to integration. It will therefore be necessary to redefine nationalism in regional terms; for without the emotional or psychological commitment that political ideology can engender, it is doubtful that regional plans can gain general acceptance.

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Economic obstacles are even more obdurate. In the midst of significant political and social change, Latin America's traditional trade relations persist. The pattern in all countries is basically the exchange of raw material for foreign manufactured goods. Despite industrial advances stimulated by the desire to substitute domestic for imported consumer goods, agriculture continues as the economic activity of the majority of Latin America's labor force. Foreign trade has progressively weakened, while agriculture employs obsolete methods for low returns. And trade among nations is insignificant compared with intercontinental trade.

A further handicap is the unevenness of development among the various nations. While some are at least moderately developed, others continue in archaic conditions. Fiscal aspects of the economic situation are also a stumbling block in the intended drive for unity. The lack of coordination of currency policies, as well as of financial and investment sources, the chronic insufficiency of public savings, the difficulties of mobilizing the existing wealth, and the reluctance of private capital to invest in anything but land and tangible property, are additional weaknesses which, although not irremediable, can nevertheless retard progress toward integration.

In spite of such varied and complex obstacles, the urge for unity is strong. European thinking on economic integration and the establishment of the European Coal and Steel Communities have convinced many Latin American leaders that the day of national sovereignty is over. However, while Latin American advocates of regionalism are clearly heartened by the success of the European experiment, they also know that this experiment is not wholly adaptable to their situation. Latin Americans simply do not have the highly developed system of communications, large productive capacity, or advanced technology that facilitated European integration. Moreover, considerations of defense and of peace-keeping responsibilities do not weigh upon them as they did upon the Europeans. Perhaps even more significant are the differences in United States policy. The Europeans were permitted to work out their policies and establish their markets by themselves; toward Latin America the U.S. policy is very emphatically bilateral.

Two projects undertaken in recent years—the Central American Common Market (CACM), and the broader grouping known as the Latin American Free Trade Association—have been responses to the need for regional unity. The former has proved in many ways the greater and more rapid success. Established by a treaty concluded in 1960 by Guatemala, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Costa Rica and Honduras, the CACM intended to create a free trade area for the region within five years, and to adopt common tariffs on goods from other countries. The treaty established an administrative machinery for governing the market with headquarters at Guatemala City, and a Central American Bank for Economic Integration at Tegucigalpa. A number of supporting regional organizations for industrial research, public administration, nutrition, banking and commerce were founded. In less than a decade the CACM has cleared a sizable list of products from the tariff rolls; tax incentives for foreign investors have been systematized and rationalized; and by the close of 1966, all but a few agricultural products will be covered by the common market. Industrialization is being promoted to decrease imports, to provide employment for the swollen urban population, and to

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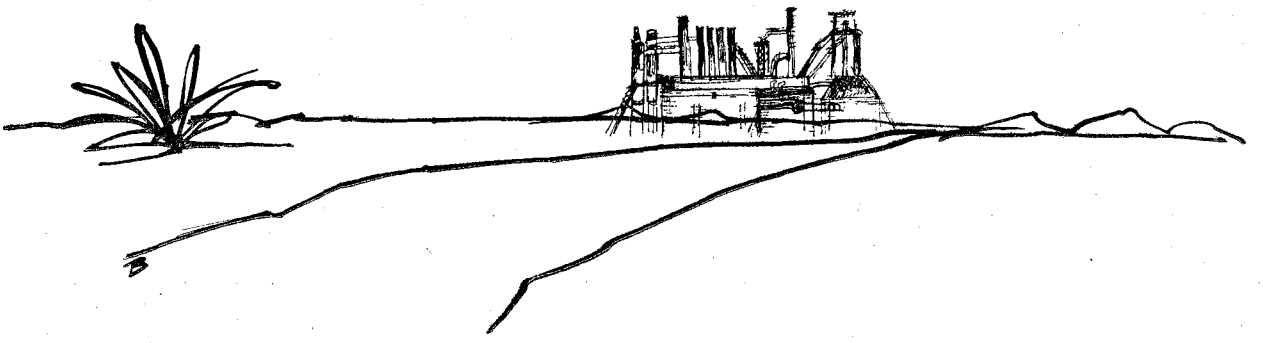
attract foreign capital. An admirable move by CACM has been the promotion of new industry that will serve the entire region rather than individual countries. Progress toward integration has been successful beyond expectations. Intraregional trade increased from $3.6 million in 1950 to $66 million in 1963. Furthermore, 75 per cent of this intraregional trade now involves industrial goods.

The relative success of the Central American integration effort is not hard to explain—it was desperately needed. In an area approximately the size of France, Central America has a population of only some 12 million, with 65 per cent of the active population devoted to agricultural pursuits. The region's economy is dependent on four commodities; coffee, cotton, cocoa and bananas account for 90 per cent of its exports. Moreover, the five republics have at least a loosely similar historical development, and share many characteristics. On at least six occasions in the past century and a half, the Central Americans have sought to revive a first regional federation that collapsed in 1838. Federalism failed and regional unity was destroyed by internal dissension; Central America, as Sarmiento put it, "made a sovereign state of each village." Today, as common economic progress is achieved, concomitant political improvement also becomes more probable.

The same pressure for economic integration has produced in South America the Latin American Free Trade Association (LAFTA) which came into being when Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Peru and Uruguay signed the Montevideo Treaty in 1960. The signatory nations, rather than seeking inspiration in the European conception of integration or a customs union, proceeded along Latin American lines to the creation of a free-trade zone. They wisely adopted limited arrangements, selecting a number of commodities from industries about to be established which required expanded markets, and trying to establish systems of industrial reciprocity on the basis of limited schedules. European style of integration could have foundered on the rivalries and jealousies of the countries involved.

The economic potential of LAFTA is impressive. About 140 million people (72 per cent of the population of Latin America) live in the cooperating countries and occupy 79 per cent of the territory. The LAFTA countries are also the most highly industrialized on the continent and have a Gross National Product of between $4 billion and $4.5 billion. However, the early record has not been encouraging. During the first two years, intraregional trade grew more than 40 per cent, but the total value of such trade represented only 8.5 per cent of the international trade of LAFTA members. In addition, 80 per cent consists of products which have traditionally been exchanged by these nations. LAFTA is perhaps moving too slowly toward the liberalization of trade, and should give its attention to economic integration through such measures as the interlocking of Latin American capital markets, the establishment of regional investment companies, and a regional securities exchange. If Latin America is to become an industrial power, its industries will have to compete in world markets. It can compete successfully only through large industrial complexes. LAFTA, now that it has shown the advantages of lowering tariff walls, should take one more step and supply imaginative mechanisms to hasten regional integration.

Thoughtful Latin American leaders, although they know the dangers of pursuing visionary goals, envisage a broad conception of integration that extends beyond the purely economic sphere to matters of social and political development. The conviction grows that integration demands structural and institutional changes of the broadest implications. The present set of structures is not adequate for even the intermediate stage between tentative cooperation and the goal of full-fledged integration.



A major instrument for integration is the Inter-American Development Bank which studies and finances regional projects and programs, supports national industrial projects having regional ramifications, gives technical and financial assistance for improvements in the economic infra-structure, and investigates regional integration projects in border regions. Recent examples of this kind of activity have been the bank's technical assistance to Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru for the projected highway skirting the edge of the eastern jungles in those countries; its special mission was sent to explore possibilities for integrating the neighboring Venezuelan and Colombian border region.

In 1965, the Inter-American Development Bank took an important step when it established in Buenos Aires the Institute for Latin American Integration (INTAL) to provide the training required for specialists who must lead and direct the march toward regional development. Important political decisions at the highest levels will be required in the future, and the strength of commitment must be supported by a force of technocrats devoted to integration.

After World War II, industrialization became the magic formula for attaining genuine economic and political independence. Spurred on by a generation of brilliant economists, the newly emerged political forces rallied and mobilized Latin America for the march to modernization. The continent paid a heavy price for its industrialization but it also saw the fruit of much of its dream. Today, Latin

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America appears to have found a new religion: integration, and the current belief is that genuine progress can prevail only if the Latin American nations make some important political decisions, set specific goals to be achieved, and provide the necessary institutional framework.

Advance toward regional unity is increasingly identified with socio-economic reforms in each country, the notion being that any benefits derived from integration should be shared equitably by all segments of the population. Regional unity, if it is to come, must therefore rest solidly upon national development. It is not considered an alternative to national integration but an indispensable part of a process which must include both regional and national progress.

There is also a growing realization that the institutions required for a successful drive toward unity are not solely economic or financial. Appropriate political bodies capable of making decisions at the regional level must be created. Cultural and educational systems must be coordinated, and the accelerating requirement for research and an advanced technology must be met. Finally, a visible ideology for the integrationist movement, one capable of creating a psychological and emotional commitment, must be found. Unless Latin America begins to think, act and speak as a unified continental power, it has no future in the world arena.

DRAGON TRAIN TO SINGAPORE

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), recently spent three months in Southeast Asia.*

The Thai general was most solicitous. He bowed when he arrived and he bowed when he left our compartment. He thought we were English and he was disappointed when we were not. He had been educated in England and did not believe you could get a proper education anywhere else. But he was awfully decent about it. Did we love the Thai people?

"Oh yes."

"Thai whiskey?"

"Oh no."

We were drinking Thai Mekong, something distilled from delta water, rubber and teak.

He asked his aide to bring us a bottle of Teacher's Scotch.

"How is the war going?"

The Thai general thought about this and then said, "How do the Americans get their impressions of Thailand?"

"Hollywood."

"Pictures like *The King And I*?"

"Yes."

"*The King And I* was banned here in Thailand."

"Why?"

"The king didn't care for it."

There was a silence. I did not know what to say to a Thai general. It seemed to be a common predicament which the Thai general didn't mind.

"How is the war going?" I said.

"Splendid," he said, rising. "Splendid."

A turbaned Indian porter arrived with the Teacher's.

"This Indian chap will love you—will look after you when we are gone—when I am gone," the Thai general said. Now the general did not seem so sad that we were not English.

We were on the Thailand-Singapore dragon train that runs from the guerrilla-infiltrated Thai territory in the north between Burma and Laos through to the Thai-Malaysian border where there is another national liberation front which carves up people that disagree with it. Before they carve someone they have to catch him. This train would make a nice catch.

All this now because I was depressed, hot, tired, frustrated and covered with ashes from the wood-burning locomotive. The Parsee Indian porter, brilliant-turbaned, native-costumed, had abandoned his outfit only two days out, and he had run out of ice and Tiger Beer and was hiding from the passengers, concealing himself among the third-class Malaysians beneath a Sukarno-style lampshade hat. When we found him out he rode on top and hollered down in a clipped British accent, "I will revictual in Hua Hin." When we told him we wanted ice now he said, "But it will be much better in Hua Hin. Hua Hin is the king's summer palace you know. Better everything. These chaps can't get a job in their own country you know," he said, looking down at the Thai. "Their own government doesn't trust them. These chaps are all thieves, the lot of them. The Indians and the Chinese run this country, that is we did before the American chaps got here. Eton?"

"No."

"Harrow?"

"No."

"I thought I recognized the tie."

"What about some ice?"

But the Parsee had disappeared in a cloud of wood smoke.

At Hua Hin we did not take on anything but a saffron-robed, shaved-head Buddhist monk from Vietnam who distributed gold-tipped cigarettes to his two colleague monks. One was from Formosa, the other from Burma. The only language they had in common was English and they discussed the war and the price of eggs:

"High?"

"Very high."

"But they will go higher?"

"And higher."

"And higher?"

"And higher."

"And the Americans?"

"More."

"And more?"

"And more."

I said we took on nothing at Hua Hin but a Buddhist monk, but evidently the Indian Parsee porter had ducked out of a secret door and bought all the Schweppes in Hua Hin. He had "revictualed" and he was wearing his bright,

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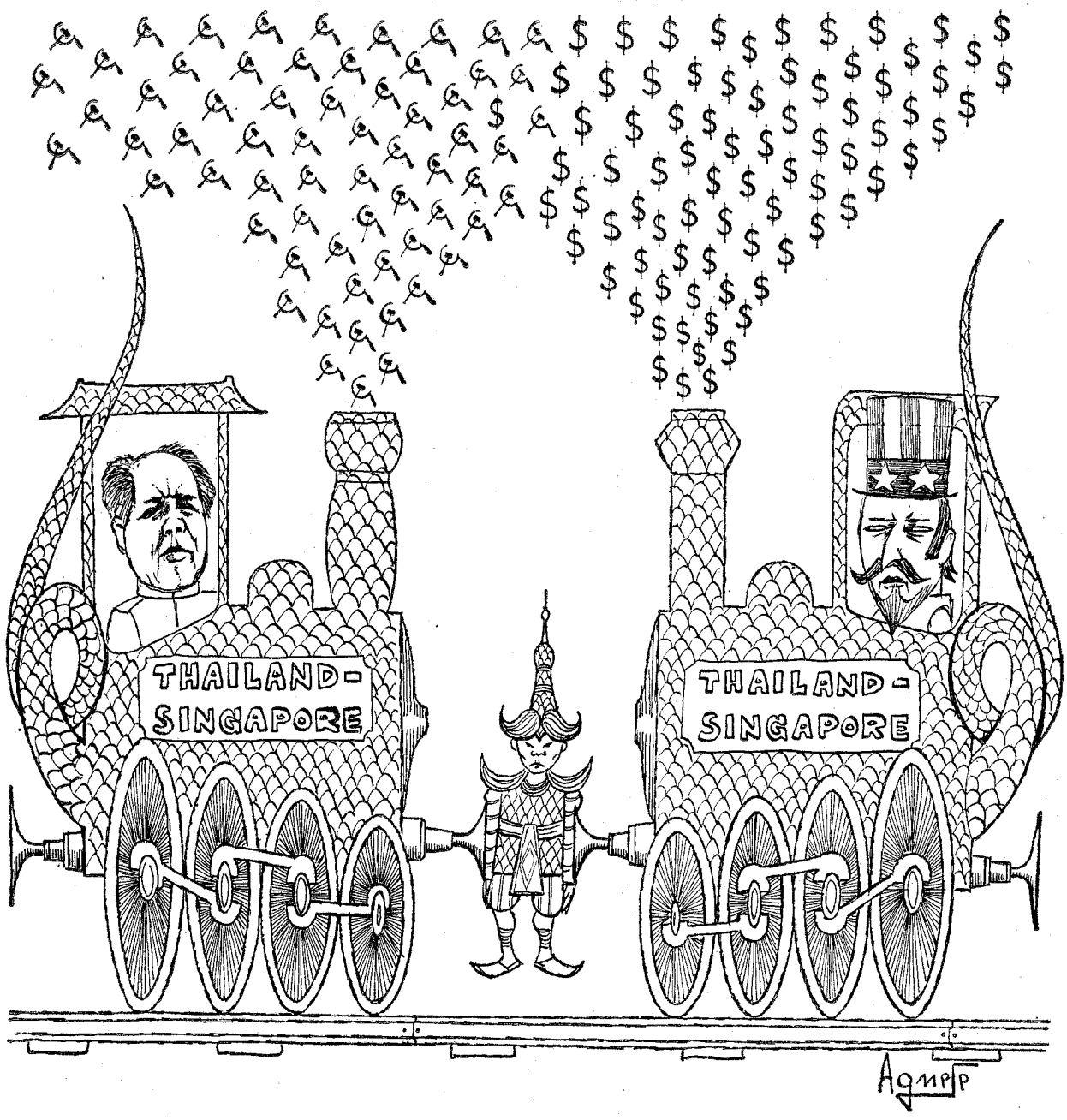

turbaned costume again and acting as though he controlled all the ice and quinine water in Southeast Asia. The dining car, which had become a shambles piled high with garbage, now took on its former velvet and mahogany Victorian air again under the quick supervision of the Parsee.

The train began to pick up speed. At Hua Hin we had taken on a new locomotive with a new pile of wood and we raced toward Singapore like the wind, streaming a black pall of smoke that sped backward in our wake all the way to China. We kept this up all the way through the vast rubber plantations of the peninsula; then, before the first Malay state, there was an emergency stop. The sudden stop ruined everything the Parsee had done. The dining car was garbage again.

After we had stopped in the solemn, hushed and kind of deadly jungle for five minutes, they brought a boy's body on board. They lugged his body through our car as though for inspection. The Parsee told us the boy was a guerrilla and that he had gotten on board with a ticket at Hua Hin. The train police had an eye on him and when the train was going fast had searched him and found a sixteen-shot machine pistol concealed in his robe. The boy had struggled and jumped out of the train window to his death rather than be taken alive.

"But when we get to the border he will be surely punished."

"But he is already dead," I said.

The Indian porter, in his bright costume, looked down at three yellow-labeled bottles of Schweppes quinine water he had salvaged from the sudden emergency stop.

"Yes, already dead."

And he looked up at us straight in the eye, then away vacantly at the three Buddhist monks and, still thinking inwardly, still thoughtful, said: "Yes. That is a pity, isn't it?" And then he said: "Now that the train is stopped do you think I should nip out and get some more ice?"

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Explorations in the Apolitical

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN
Mr. Eshleman is a poet and translator of Spanish verse who teaches at New York University.

In the fall of 1965 I went to Lima, Peru, to complete a translation of *Human Poems* by César Vallejo. I needed money so I wandered into the Instituto Cultural Peruano Norteamericano (ICPNA), looking for a job teaching English as a foreign language, work I had done for two years in Japan.

I had bused and hitchhiked from Mexico City to Panama and was dressed for the road. But I felt less self-conscious than out of place as I watched Mr. Conrad Spohnholz, the director of the Institute, read my résumé. He sat behind a wide desk, flanked by his assistant, who chatted with me while Mr. Spohnholz read. Spohnholz had a tall lantern-shaped head which he held stiffly on his straight narrow shoulders; he responded to me as if there were fifteen years between us. I accepted this at the time as one of the contingencies of getting work, but noticed we were about the same age, early or middle 30s.

Spohnholz had been thinking of some sort of magazine or cultural review for a year (he had been director of ICPNA in Lima for two years and had previously served as an assistant director in San Salvador) and when he read that I had edited a magazine and was a poet and translator, our conversation turned to the possibility of my organizing and editing a bilingual literary journal, sponsored by ICPNA, while I was in Lima. Spohnholz said he would like to get the most out of me while I was there and from my viewpoint there was much more challenge (and more money) in editing a magazine than in teaching English conversation.

One of the first rules that Spohnholz introduced was that the magazine would have to be apolitical. The board of directors would not allow money to be put into a publication that had a political ax to grind. He told me ICPNA paid its own way on money earned from teaching English, but that he, his assistant and the woman who directed the language program, had been hired and were paid their North American-scaled salary by Washington. Spohnholz briefly described the board of directors (five Peruvians, five North Americans—all conservative businessmen living in Peru) and the Institute's activities, which he again emphasized were apolitical and cultural. He said that as director he was responsible to the board of directors, and that the relationship between ICPNA and the U.S. Embassy (I had gotten Spohnholz's name from a Peruvian who worked in the Embassy), was of a "social" nature. The image I got was that the culture attaché came over for lunch and that Spohnholz went to Embassy cocktail parties, etc.

It seemed good enough to try. Spohnholz had agreed that editing was to be my own, that no material would be forced on me, but that I should not overlook the possibility, since he was the publisher, of some censorship of political or obscene matter. He was sure things would loosen up after the first few issues; that if we cooled it at first, later we would be left alone. By whom, I queried? By the American community in Lima who would glance at the magazine, and by conservative, powerful Peruvians. Both parties might object if a "left winger" were printed, even if what was printed by him was essentially *apolitical in nature*. Spohnholz said that personally he was against that sort of thing, that most intellectuals in Peru were leftists, and if we didn't print some of their apolitical writings, how would Peru be represented in the magazine?

Spohnholz also told me that he thought the people at the Embassy would be happy with the idea because they were concerned that no one there knew any of these Peruvian intellectuals; intellectuals wouldn't attend Embassy cocktail parties, etc. The magazine could be a good way of showing both parties that everybody loved everybody.

So ICPNA lent me a typewriter, desk and paper, offered me $250 a month, and we were in business. A week later my wife and I were invited to the Spohnholz home for dinner. In the kitchen, while he mixed a drink, Conrad said something had come up that he had to tell me about, and that perhaps I would want to get out now. I was talking, he said, to Fred Barcroft at the Embassy today (Barcroft was the American Ambassador's assistant) about our idea and he thought it was fine. I mean, I put it to him that the idea was to print young unestablished writers from both countries, and he said "then of course you would not be printing someone like Pablo Neruda." Spohnholz declared that this was really no threat, for I had not intended to print Neruda, had I? (No—but not for Barcroft's reasons.) After an issue or two, when Barcroft saw that the magazine was *essentially apolitical,* he added, if we wanted to toss a poem or two of Neruda's in—on an apolitical subject, of course—why Conrad didn't see why we couldn't. After all, he was aware that Neruda had apolitical poems as well as political ones. I drank too much and performed, contesting the whole business, threatening to quit immediately; in short, I suffered the necessary conscience pangs for Spohnholz to see that I was authentic—that was important to him. Later, after a candlelit supper, over dessert, after a split second of felt silence in which anyone alive knows something official or from elsewhere than the heart is going to be delivered, Conrad told us how we must all fight against communism in Latin America, how important it was not to let *it* take over *our* world.

For the next month I didn't see much of Conrad. I chose a name for the magazine, *Quena* (the wood Quechuan flute), started looking for a printer, and spent much time reading, translating and commissioning translations of English poems into Spanish and Spanish into English. At Spohnholz's request, I began the difficult search for four Peruvian "intellectuals" to be advisers to *Quena.* This meant that they were to receive a small salary from ICPNA in return for a monthly meeting with Spohnholz and me —to suggest what to translate of contemporary Peruvian literature.

But when I talked with Peruvians about *Quena,* I found that they really weren't interested in North American poetry and that they viewed any potential product of ICPNA with suspicion, if not outright disgust. ICPNA was the Embassy, they said; it was a place where secretaries went to learn English after work; it was off-bounds for anything serious or friendly. And who was I? I have a distinct image of Peruvians looking at me curiously as I outlined what I wanted to do. Their expressions asked *who is he* more than *what is this idea.* Such an approach seems genuine in the abstract; you face the man of which his ideas are but a part. But such was not the direction of the Peruvians' look. When I approached Blanca Varela, a poet, in her office in

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LIKE SWINBURNE TO SAPPHO

You take me
apple picking,
kick me from your branch over-
head and supple as a child,
step sharply into the
black bark crotch where
my sneakers park,
dizzy the limb I ride and wound.
September whips
night full of night,
and apples
swirl
in cider web smell
to the brownpaper sack
or ground
of my ascent to your keen
bruised point on Helicon.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

the Ministry of Housing about being an adviser for *Quena,* she told me that she wanted no literary involvements beyond her own writing. I said it would mean a luncheon once a month. She refused. Some time later I met the U. S. writer, Seldon Rodman, who was in Peru for a few months to write a book about the country under a grant. Rodman told me that he was being escorted around Lima by Miss Varela, that in fact she had arranged a meeting for him the following week with the widow of César Vallejo. This coincidence occurred often enough for me to realize that the lack of interest in being an adviser — of translating Charles Olson or Louis Zukofsky, for example—into Spanish for the first time, was tied up with my having no "name" or "grant." I was not affiliated with an organization that could boost the Peruvian into a trip to the States, which means for an artist in Lima an assured place (Robert Kennedy's friend, the painter Ferdnando de Syzslo is a good example of this). The risks of being involved with ICPNA and me (which is chicken feed compared to the American Embassy) were greater than the reward.

But I did manage to get some advisers, and two months after its inception *Quena* equaled nearly 250 pages of manuscript material. In the first two issues sections in English of Vallejo, Germán Belli, Vargas Vicuña, Salazar Bondy, Antonio Cisneros, Washington Delgado and Javier Heraud were planned; in Spanish, most of them for the first time, would be Charles Olson, Louis Zukofsky, Robert Duncan, Jerome Rothenberg, Ted Enslin and Cid Corman. Many of the English-to-Spanish translations had been done by an Argentine poet, Halma Cristina Perry, who was living in Lima and disliked ICPNA far more and for much clearer reasons than all of the Peruvians with whom I talked. But she was willing to read the work I showed her and to translate what she felt important to introduce to the South American reader. Both contributors and translators had been paid.

One Saturday afternoon two of my advisers, Belli and Sologuren, visited with me, and Sologuren quit. He said he would lose his job as a professor at the Agricultural University at La Molina if he took money from ICPNA. He claimed the student body was heavily Communist and had a vote in the hiring and firing of professors. So, I said, why don't you tell them about the idea of the magazine? It wouldn't do any good, he replied; two professors lost their jobs this past year because of North American affiliations. I looked at Germán Belli. And you? "Well, there's something I've been wanting to talk to you about. . . ."

I understood what ICPNA had to do with culture. I knew it the very first day in Spohnholz's office when I saw the "indigenous" painting hung by his desk, an Indian making bricks or carving something, cubistically pleasant in soft browns, grays and tans. That painting had everything to do with what came out of Spohnholz's mouth, a fact that Arevalo, the ex-Guatemalan President grasped in his *Anti-Kommunism in Latin America.* Arevalo speaks of the language of South American diplomatic circles, of a kind of non-Spanish, non-English jargon that in itself shows the lack of ground for relation, that perhaps before everything else gives away the lie. I heard Spohnholz speak Spanish, I heard all of the North Americans in the institute speak Spanish, and I heard the Peruvians reply—it is like replacing the truth with something we will call *the truth.*

In the later showdown on *Quena,* Spohnholz insisted that he was not against a particular issue being discussed. However, he said that while he would not allow it to be printed in the magazine, he would welcome a round-table discussion at ICPNA as a "cultural activity"; and he appeared to be amazed when the South Americans he was talking to failed to take him up on this. I knew why they failed to take it up: it was as if he were telling them: you are free to discuss anything *as long as it doesn't make any difference.*

Official language is but an extension of this "democratic" idea: create a language, or better a jargon, unbased in childhood and emotion, and you can say anything you like. There are not even any lies. There is no contradiction whatsoever in tacking up a cardboard reproduction of Jackson Pollock's "Blue Poles" over the table where the U. S. State Department Information Sheet on World News, rendered in Spanish for the Peruvian secretaries, is placed.

The issue on which *Quena* really foundered had to do with the violent death of a young Peruvian poet, Javier Heraud. Heraud, considered to be the most talented poet of his generation, went to Cuba in 1961 on a film grant, became a revolutionary there and returned to Peru secretly through Brazil, with a small band of guerrillas. They tried to invade a plantation near Puerto Maldonado, and in the fighting one of the plantation workers was killed. The guerrillas were chased back into the jungle where Heraud and another young man were separated from the others. The two men were then trapped in a canoe, supposedly adrift without oars, in the Madre de Dios River. Heraud tried to surrender to the Peruvian Civil Guard: he was naked and he stood up waving a white handkerchief. The police shot him, to bits the story goes, using dumdum bullets.

The story of Heraud's death rocked the intellectual community in Lima. In 1963, *Javier Heraud / Poesias Completas y Homenaje* was published. I was shown this book by César Calvo, a Peruvian poet and one of Heraud's close friends, and I sent a copy of it to Paul Blackburn in New York suggesting that certain poems be translated. As I continued to live in Lima I thought more and more about why Heraud's death had touched off such a response in Peru, and since the poems Blackburn was translating were written before his political commitment I decided it was unfair to the particular arc of Heraud's career to say nothing in *Quena* about the commitment and his death. I talked with Calvo about it and he suggested I translate an essay called "The Death of Javier Heraud" by a San Marcos professor and poet, Washington Delgado. I talked to others and they agreed. For the first time I felt a tremor of interest in *Quena* by Peruvians I respected, and after reading Delgado's essay I was surprised when Calvo told me: "They won't let you print that—but if they do, I'm with you all the way."

The essay says, in effect, that as an older friend of Javier, Delgado is shocked by the news and disturbed by the newspaper reportage that Heraud was a young misguided fool. Delgado says he wants to question this and also to question the usual criticism of guerrilla activity on the ground that it uses violence. Delgado says that violence is daily fare in Peru, in jungle and in city, and that the guerrilla introduces nothing new but attempts to lessen violence. Delgado admits that he is merely a little bourgeois professor of Spanish literature at San Marcos and thus not the man ultimately to defend

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Heraud—but that he does know that Heraud was not a fool, that he believed in what he was doing, and that he had the guts to live out his convictions. His death in this sense has meaning. I felt that the essay, besides its "news" interest to North American readers, raised an important question: what is the poet's task in a society where thousands are horribly oppressed? Can he sit in his study and type poems while Indians are dying of starvation out in the street?

I presented the first issue of *Quena* in manuscript to Spohnholz (it came to 150 pages of which the Delgado made up 5). He returned it two days later, smiling. "This is an excellent job," he said, "you have done what you said you would do." He added: "I wonder, however, why you have included this piece of journalism by Delgado, since *Quena* is a literary journal."

We argued and I apparently convinced Spohnholz that the Delgado essay was not a political piece of writing, that while it dealt with a political event, it was valid as literature and that its inclusion in *Quena* would prove something to Peruvian artists about ICPNA. The following night Spohnholz came to my apartment and said the issue would go to press with the Delgado essay in it. The next day, in his office, he told me that he had shown all of the Heraud material to the U. S. Embassy officer, Fred Barcroft, and that Barcroft had told him the Delgado piece could not be printed. I told Spohnholz that I would not withdraw the essay. Spohnholz then consulted with members of the board of directors and Barcroft again, and the next day told me that all plans for *Quena* had been canceled.

I thought at the time that if there had been one Peruvian of importance (Calvo was not considered important by ICPNA since he was only a poet) who had stood by me in my refusal to withdraw the Delgado essay, at least the first issue of *Quena* might have been saved. (Here I think of my futile attempt to meet the influential critic Alberto Escobar. At a crucial point in *Quena's* unfolding, a friend of mine tried to arrange a meeting. Escobar, on hearing who I was and what I was doing in Lima, said we would meet soon enough.) Today I don't believe that it would have made any difference because ICPNA, as a State Department-directed agency, could not back writing that *deals with any activity not in support of American foreign policy*. When Spohnholz said "apolitical," what he meant was castrated art: "art" that *reflects* the official line. In the manuscript that I presented to Spohnholz were six of my translations from *Human Poems* of César Vallejo. There were no objections to these translations appearing in *Quena*. Spohnholz knew that Vallejo was a Communist and if he had read the translations carefully he would have known that the matrix of Vallejo's thought is violently anti-capitalist. However, Spohnholz (or Barcroft) did not object to printing Vallejo because Vallejo is a national hero (mainly because the Peruvians haven't read him either), a monument—dead.

A week after the cancellation I went to the institute for a pay settlement. Spohnholz told me that according to Peruvian law if I quit I would receive one month's pay, but if I was fired the institute would have to pay me for three months. So, I said, pay me for three months. But really now, Spohnholz said, you didn't hold up to your end of our arrangement and besides, it is not a clear matter whether you quit or were fired — don't you think three months' pay is asking too much? After I told him I would settle for two, Spohnholz left the office and returned with a check that had previously been made out for the three months' salary. I really wasn't playing with you, he said; it's just that I'm still trying to find out who you are.

A Class of Tormented Creoles

THE CENTURY AFTER CORTES. *By Fernando Benitez. Translated by Joan MacLean. University of Chicago Press. 296 pp. $7.50.*

GORDON K. LEWIS
Mr. Lewis is professor of political science at the University of Puerto Rico and the author of Puerto Rico: Freedom and Power in the Caribbean *(Monthly Review Press).*

This English translation of Fernando Benitez's brilliantly sketched *Vida Criolla en el Siglo XVI* comes as a happy addition to the new radical scholarship on Hispanic colonialism in the hemisphere—Gibson's *Aztecs under Spanish Rule,* for example, and Simpson's edition of the English translation of Chevalier's monumental *Land and Society in Colonial Mexico.* Working, like those other scholars, from a massive base of archival and printed sources, Benitez re-creates a representative cross section of Mexican experience in the 16th century. Gibson was concerned with the vast trauma of severe social dislocation worked upon the Indian-Aztec culture in the three centuries between the Conquest and Independence. Benitez is concerned primarily with the subtle formation of the class of tormented *criollos,* the second-generation *conquistadores* who were faced with the tremendous task of forging a New World culture-focus which could become the crucible of Mexican nationalism.

If the semi-mythical warrior-heroes of the pre-Colombian empire have been enrolled in the national Mexican Pantheon as the first Mexicans, Benitez persuasively argues that the title more legitimately belongs to the creolized sons of the original conquerors, forced, despite themselves, to hammer out a Spanish-American consciousness under the terrible pressures of their grotesque anomaly.

For the book is an account, at times overly melodramatic but basically historically correct, of the Mexican Creole tragedy. The Creole psychopathology was one, at bottom, of cultural ambivalence. It belonged to the new Mexican society, but it did not own it. It was the child of the *conquistadores* but it had lost their capacity for fierce action and merely retained their more decadent features: the fondness for narrative, for the anecdote, a Hispanic fascination with the world. It hated the outsiders, the *manos blancas*—a sure index of Creole sentiment—but its aristocratic bias could not lead it to a social-political alliance with the Indian and *mestizo* masses whose slavery, indeed, it accepted. Its typical figure, as Benitez analyzes him, was a creolized nobleman whose breeding conflicted with the constitution of his new society; he wrote epic poems celebrating wars about which he knew only by hearsay, or composed Petrarchan sonnets about things that never belonged to the New World.

Not the least fascinating aspect of the book is the detailed annotation of this general human disease. It is there, as Benitez shows, in the mannered elegance of a decadent prose and poetry, Juan Suarez's *Tratado,* for example, still living in the archaic, enchanted world of West Indian chivalry untouched by Cervantian caricature. It is there in the Creole historians, like the Dorantes de Carranza whose florid post-mortem on his own class of worn-out Creole gentlemen is in marked contrast to the vital passion of the *conquistador* historians like Bernal Diaz. It is there in figures like the Martín Cortés who shared with the local Indian nobleman class all the typically Creole anti-Spanish prejudices, but also shared its class hostility to the Indian poor. Both shared a common hostility, as poor claimants in viceregal antecham-

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bers, to the *nouveaux riches* flooding in from Spain to replace them, as well as a common aversion to plebeian employment. It is there, finally, in the tragic incapacity for effective revolt. To read the account of the collapse of the conspiracy of the Marqués del Valle in the 1560s is to be made forcefully aware of how defeatism can easily overwhelm a social class that has inherited power and privilege but not created them. Its members inherited from their fathers greed, a sense of exile, a pathetic obsession with aristocracy, but had lost their raw courage, so that, as Benitez phrases it, they weep over their own martyrdom and plan their own funeral.

The contrast with the later developments in the young United States is instructive. Unlike Spanish colonialism, British colonialism was comparatively inoppressive; its historical time span, in its impact upon the New World society, was shorter, especially in the American case; above all, the colonists' struggle against the metropolitan power was not fatally compromised by the presence of a vast native slave-proletariat potentially fit for social revolt against both the Creole and the imperial oppressor classes. In much the same way, the planter class of the old regime in the West Indies sugar islands failed to follow the example of the American Revolutionary War against Britain, because the fear of a Haitian-like slave rebellion stayed their nationalist-Creole instincts. Whereas in the American democracy after 1787, Crèvecoeur's "new man," the dynamic *homo americanus,* became the leading American hero-figure, in Spanish Mexico he failed to emerge, suffocated by the oppressive atmosphere of the Creole paradise.

Even more. Benitez notes, perceptively, the continuing power of the anachronous *criollo* mentality in contemporary Mexican life. The student of the contemporary Caribbean will recognize similar features there, what Rene Marqués has termed the *puertorriqueño docil* in Puerto Rico, for example, or the social anarchism and the negative attitudes to public authority of the Trinidadian picaroon society, summed up so well in the general temper of the carnival calypso. What is lacking, however, is first, a failure to explain why the inferiority complex of the colonial mentality thus manages to survive, for social attitudes and prejudices do not perpetuate themselves: they must be continuously nourished by present social forces; and second, a failure to identify the social forces in the contemporary situation that will finally crush the colonial mentality as decisively as a nationalist-intellectual like Benitez demands. We have, in this particular book, an impressive analysis of the disease; but it is unaccompanied by a persuasive prescription of cure.

Gongora Without Gongorism

THE SOLITUDES OF DON LUIS de GONGORA: A Text with Verse Translation. *By Edward Meryon Wilson. Cambridge University Press. 131 pp. $3.95.*

OLIVER T. MYERS

Mr. Myers teaches Spanish at the University of California (Davis). His articles and reviews have appeared in Hispanic Review, Modern Language Notes *and other journals.*

As long as the 17th-century Spanish poet Luis de Góngora is thought of merely as an exponent of Gongorism, much as de Sade has until recently been associated only with sadism, he will remain unread by those who might best appreciate him. Gongorism is a sneer term for the worst of literary perversities; it has become a convenient way to sum up empty affectation and convoluted style in a single term, and is now almost standard when one wishes to dispose of a certain type of posturing littérateur. Gongorism has been set alongside the extravagances of Euphuism and Marinism, as Spain's peculiar outcropping of that strange literary formation, the Baroque, which, it is said, is so typical of Spain because of the odd way Spaniards think. The trouble is that Góngora, the poet, is not very well described as Gongoristic, and as a poet is a far greater creative talent than any of the Gongorists, in Spain or elsewhere. The trouble is, too, that as a writer he is only a poet, which is a way of saying that he is not a philosopher, theologian, satirist, humanist or naturalist.

One should not expect in Góngora depth of thought (or indeed "thought" at all) or richness of human emotion. These are after all infra-poetic values. And despite the narrative framework of the *Solitudes* and the *Fable of Polyphemus and Galatea,* no one reads these masterworks for inventiveness of event and character. Góngora was not developing his special methods merely to ornament some stolid, conventional tale (that would be Gongoristic). He was creating a new world in pure poetry, where the realness lay in the unbroken chain of metaphor, symbol and trope; where ordinary events come to pass only as an excuse for poetic transformation, and where ordinary objects exist only in order to reveal their true, Neoplatonic essence. But it is precisely in this act of metaphorical transformation that his genius as poet reaches its heights. For in populating the pseudo-mythological world of the *Solitudes* he has room for only the most highly refined distillate of what people and things are, and they are brought into being as images two or three times removed from their original form.

Interpretations of the *Solitudes* along the lines just given are of quite recent growth, and were as novel in our times as were the *Solitudes* themselves in theirs. The 300th anniversary of Góngora's death marked the critical turning point. In 1927, Dámaso Alonso brought out his edition of text, prose rendering and notes, which has been called a "poetic manifesto" because of its effect on the young poets of the 1920s who are now often referred to as the "generation of '27." It was not Góngora's style in its difficulties and Latinizing that was to be emulated but rather the ideal of "pure poetry."

For English readers the Alonso edition yielded one special bonus, a translation in verse by Edward M. Wilson made in 1928-30 while he was a student in Madrid. Although published in 1931, this version has not become widely known in America, and just a year ago an unauthorized and mutilated reprinting came out in New York, precisely at the termination of the copyright. The present edition by the Cambridge University Press, revised from the 1931 printing and containing the standard Spanish text on facing pages is therefore the one to get, since Mr. Wilson has given nonreaders of Spanish a safe path to Góngora. (Those who read Spanish will also welcome the companion *Poems of Góngora,* Spanish text of the *Polyphemus* and much of the earlier, easier poetry, together with the *First Solitude,* with extensive introduction and notes by R. O. Jones, also published by Cambridge.)

There has been considerable discussion of the art of translation with rhetorical wonderings as to whether it is possible to translate poetry at all. What comes through the translator of a poet is usually the nonpoetic translatables, the philosophical musings, the narration, the baldly stated images and figures. Or the translator writes an original poem in his own language, employing devices and structures from his own literary tradition which are analogues to those of his model. This latter course, much to be preferred, is the

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one that Wilson has followed, and with considerable success. He has recourse to alliteration, not normal in Spanish, and to other techniques borrowed from our own poets of the 17th century, imitating their "conceits" rather than dully reproducing Góngora's chains word for word.

Despite the virtues of Wilson's translation, it is still doubtful that one can get from reading it the same sort of special pleasures to be had from the original. Góngora's Latinate syntax, almost possible in Spanish but ludicrous in English, is wisely avoided. But what can be done to suggest the mounting excitement one feels in the syntactic tensions that stretch over vast sections of verse? What can be attempted to reproduce the compression of multiple images into a short span of syllables by omission of articles and relators, leaving only the unadorned nouns? How could one achieve the same effects of gradual revelation of truth that are realized when words are placed in precisely the right order, without regard to the normal demands of sentence structure? This might be attained by falling into the 20th-century stream of freely flowing *vers libre*, which would certainly facilitate the translator's task. But then nothing would be left to suggest Góngora's virtuosity as metricist. What we can hope for is that the circumstances of republication will bring this pioneer of "pure" poetry to the attention of those who may have been put off by Góngora's notoriety before, and who will now have a chance to see for themselves whether there is justification for his fame, either as Baroque obscurantist or as brilliant prophet.

Freedom's High-Water Mark

EXPANDING LIBERTIES: Freedom's Gain in Postwar America. *By Milton R. Konvitz. The Viking Press. 429 pp. $8.95.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

Writings such as Dr. Konvitz's about the emergence or development of personal freedoms as reflected in Supreme Court decisions are risky ventures. There is the familiar danger of a foreshortened perspective. Investigators in the field of freedom are highly susceptible to the Hegelian spell of History as the Unfolding of the Idea of Freedom ("the quest for the dream"), filling the air with premature cries of Excelsior—in this case about "freedom's gains in postwar America."

The precarious fate of Supreme Court decisions in this area makes them difficult to handle in a short-term chronicle. Not every decision, no matter how rhetorically comforting it may be at the time it is handed down, is "expanded" into a "liberty." The Supreme Court has become a powerful instrument of public order because some of its decisions do more than resolve controversies between particular litigants; they play a policy-making, norm-enforcing role. The institutionalization of a decision is a complex, elusive process involving the interaction of law, society and politics. We are learning more all the time about why one decision produces a generalized impact—as in the case of the Court's decisions in the area of race relations, criminal justice and legislative apportionment—and why another turns out to have been writ in water.

The 1957 Watkins decision (not discussed by Dr. Konvitz) was hailed as "a landmark in the history of human freedom" and appeared to place the House Committee on Un-American Activities under a conditional death sentence if Congress did not give precision to its loosely drawn mandate. Congress did nothing and the Committee is alive and kicking. The Jehovah's Witnesses decisions in the fifties—protecting public communications against municipal invasion—appeared to have established a body of law as enduring as bronze, but their impact vanished with the controversies that spawned them. And even decisions which became nationally respected "liberties," such as the picketing decisions of the forties, lost their vitality with changes in the social and economic circumstances and in the composition of the Supreme Court.

The temptation to discover "gains" in this area becomes well-nigh irresistible because of the breakthroughs in related areas. Change *is* in the air; "freedom," broadly defined, *is* expanding. And it can no longer be questioned that a primary reason for the political acceptance of the enlarged role of the Court is that it is the only organ in our national life with sufficient power and prestige effectively to resolve the impasse between local prejudice and nationally shared values; minority groups, lacking other meaningful representation, have become the Court's special constituency. It is easy to substitute possibility for reality

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and to transpose what has occurred in one sector of the broad field of human rights to a neighboring sector where change is still inchoate.

Dr. Konvitz has, in varying degrees, succumbed to all of the distorting enticements here outlined. His book, which purports to survey advances in First Amendment protections ranging from restraints on censorship to international conventions on human rights, is more persuasive as an argument for expanding certain First Amendment freedoms than as a demonstration that they have in fact been expanded. The Southern sit-ins *do* have a strong claim to protection as a form of communication; a cold eye *should* be cast on invasions of freedom of speech on the ground that they are violence-inciting; it *is* high time that international human rights enjoyed domestic recognition. Dr. Konvitz's discussion of these and other matters is first-rate advocacy but not an accurate account of our "expanding liberties." And it is the passion of advocacy alone which leads him to the conclusion that the Supreme Court decisions secularizing the schools are "among the great liberating works of the spirit," comparable "in importance with the work of Pope John XXIII," or that the Court's obscenity cases (discussed without the benefit of the recent Ginzburg decision) have "changed, and will continue to change, the inner life of every American" and are "revolutionary . . . and radically deep," or that the Court's decisions involving academic freedom mark the "emergence of a new constitutional liberty" (a singularly euphoric pronouncement of a constitutional summer with scarcely a swallow in sight).

Many of Dr. Konvitz's insights are valuable. He deftly synthesizes the "establishment" and "free exercise" clauses of the First Amendment, showing that state aid to one's own religion is coercive and an interference with its free exercise. A powerful chapter sketches the way in which the prior decisions of the Court, executive orders and state statutes forced breaches in the "separate but equal" citadel of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* to make way for its final fall in 1954. The Brown case in that year desegregating the public schools was thus both an end and a beginning. The sit-in and protest movements which followed it not only overcame specific discriminatory practices but at the same time channeled pressures on Congress for passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The final legislation came just in time to abate criminal cases involving sit-ins in the Supreme Court and thousands of others pending in the state courts which, without the shelter of the Civil Rights Act, might have resulted in mass convictions and triggered wholesale violence and social crisis. Thousands who fought to make the statute possible were thus in the end the first beneficiaries of it. Dr. Konvitz tells this story with an almost religious compassion for the bravery and suffering of the participants. His account is resonant with Biblical overtones of a miraculous, divine deliverance.

One might profit from the book despite its diffusion and overheated prose simply by substituting his "ought" for the author's "is." But the profit is wiped out by the author's misleading treatment of the Court's decisions involving political dissent. Konvitz does not write about political dissent from the inside of his subject, as in his discussion of religious freedom, equal rights and censorship. He ignores the key relationship of political dissent to self-government (his "progress" thesis requires him to insist that religious liberty, not the right to political dissent, "transcends in importance and influence all other liberties") and fails to recognize the gravity of the Court's abandonment of an earlier constitutional standard ("preferred position" and "clear and present danger") and its replacement by a formula ("balancing") which rewrites and dilutes the First Amendment. The Court now assumes—virtually as a matter of law—that the nation is under a threat of internal subversion of such menacing proportions as to justify any invasion of political rights of claimed subversives (Aristotle's "invented terror"). This cold-war thesis is in turn systematically exploited at every level of our national life to handicap the achievement of vital national goals from desegregation to the elimination of poverty. And the Court's departure from precedent in cases involving supposed subversives is no mere puzzling inconsistency, as Konvitz would have it, but a refusal to give political dissenters the constitutional protections accorded to others.

The disaster of the Court's decisions in the Smith Act is, according to Dr. Konvitz, really a blow for freedom: "In an imperfect world, perhaps it has all come about as well as could be expected. . . . Sometimes things work out as if there were a pre-established harmony."

Even the McCarran Act—with its attainderlike "findings of fact," its built-in verdict, self-accusation, self-incrimination and detention-camp provisions—gets high marks because it provides "fair administrative procedures, subject to judicial review." Presumably, the McCarran Act is one of "freedom's gains" because, as Dr. Konvitz sees it, it "discredited" Executive Order 9835 (the Loyalty Order of President Truman) which failed to provide for hearings:

> In matters of this kind, the reverse of Gresham's Law should be operative; the superior and genuine [the McCarran Act and its 1954 Amendment] should drive from the field the inferior and false [the President's Loyalty Order]. Since Congress has provided for the former, it should bring to an end the latter. The needs of security do not require coexistence of the unfair procedures alongside the fair.

This face-lifting project in the name of progress needs only a final cosmetic touch to complete the transformation:

> The Congressional legislation we have examined is, on the whole, a tribute to the moderation and good sense of Congress. The statutes are not an expression of extremism and do not show a flagrant disregard of constitutional principles.

This conclusion finds no support in responsible opinion. Of the Smith Act, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., our greatest authority on the First Amendment, wrote that it imposes "the most drastic restrictions on freedom of speech ever enacted in the United States during peace." Equally forceful criticisms have been made of the McCarran Act by President Truman himself and even by Attorney General Katzenbach who is charged with its enforcement. The infiltration statute of 1954 with its quasi-outlawry of the Communist Party is wholly indefensible. For reasons which are hardly inscrutable, Dr. Konvitz has shunned the subject of the Supreme Court's response to legislative investigations of subversion. Perhaps it is just as well.

Of the overall performance of the Court in protecting political dissent, Prof. Martin Shapiro has recently written that, despite the First Amendment's "obviously crucial importance to the preservation of our system of government . . . the Court has committed itself less firmly to the First Amendment than to nearly any other of the individual rights specifically guaranteed by the Constitution." This judgment is shared by most students of the Court.

Dr. Konvitz has dealt with his own prefatory caution against optimism as cavalierly as he has the Supreme Court decisions about which he writes. A fresh cheer has been added to the chorus of self-congratulation and self-approval which has transformed freedom into a hoaxlike American ideology. In taking as his models Dr. Pangloss and Pollyanna, Dr. Konvitz has done a disservice both to freedom and to scholarship.

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Dying Like A True Rebel

THE CASE OF JOE HILL. *By Philip Foner. International Publishers. 127 pp. $3.50.*

THE LETTERS OF JOE HILL. *Edited by Philip Foner. Oak Publications. 96 pp. $1.95 paper.*

PAUL COWAN

Mr. Cowan is presently with the Peace Corps. He has worked in Maryland and Mississippi with the civil rights movement and has published articles in The Village Voice, Dissent, Esquire *and other publications.*

Memories are short, history is often unkind, and the literary world's chief catalogue, *Books in Print,* which is used to arrange and locate books in most libraries and stores, lists Philip Foner's book, *The Case of Joe Hill,* under the heading: "Mysteries and Suspense, including true crime."

Yet in 1915, this celebrated case of a troubadour-organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) attracted national and international attention. Twice in the month before Hill's execution, President Woodrow Wilson mailed personal letters to the Governor of Utah asking that the death sentence be commuted so that the entire case could be reviewed. (Wilson's intervention was regarded by the Utah authorities as an outrageous invasion of States' rights.) Public officials and penal authorities were receiving thousands of letters each day requesting that Hill be released. In Sweden, where Hill had been born, a section of the government was involved in an effort to obtain clemency for the doomed IWW organizer. And tens of thousands of Australian dock workers, during that month, refused to load American goods.

But despite all these pressures, early on the morning of November 19, 1915, Joe Hill was killed by a firing squad in Salt Lake City. The night before his death, in a famous telegram to Bill Haywood, a leader of the IWW, he asked that the organization take care of his funeral: "I don't want to be caught dead in Utah." The ceremony was held in Chicago, and 30,000 people attended. One local paper reported: "The entire city is still wondering what kind of people they [the IWW members] are who mourn in brilliant crimson instead of somber black, and who march to the final resting place of a fallen fellow worker singing battle songs instead of dirges and lamentations." Joe Hill's ashes were scattered in all the United States, except Utah, and in parts of Europe. Another sentence he had written in the wire to Haywood became a rallying call for a variety of radical organizations: "Don't mourn for me—organize."

Yet if he had never become a *cause célèbre,* he still would have been an important American figure. As a vagabond song writer—jotting down on scraps of paper lyrics that would later be echoed by thousands of workers—he was the ancestor of such later folk poets as Bob Dylan and Woody Guthrie. As an organizer (to judge from *The Letters of Joe Hill,* all of which were written while he was in prison) he was, like some members of the New Left, uncompromising in his concern for people rather than bureaucracies—for principles rather than political expedience.

Hill was limited by his background. A semi-educated Swede who had sailed once around the world before settling in the United States, his letters speak of his love for music and his regret that he had never been able to acquire any formal training. In addition, the songs he wrote were often tailored to the narrow needs of the people who would be singing them. By setting sentimental rebel lyrics to the tunes of old hymns like *Blood of the Lamb* ("There's a pow'r, there's a pow'r/ In a band of working men/When they stand/hand in hand"), or of familiar songs like *My Old Kentucky Home* ("We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave/The horny-handed son of the soil"), he was trying, as he said, to "succeed in reaching a great number of workers who are too unintelligent and too indifferent to read a pamphlet or an editorial on economic science."

One of the songs Hill wrote while in prison, *Rebel Girl,* indicates how he might have developed if he had remained free to write for a more sophisticated audience. The song was inspired by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, with whom Hill seems to have fallen in love after an hour-long visit outside his cell and the correspondence that followed. ("I would like to kiss you goodbye," he wrote her in a farewell letter, "not because you are [just] a girl, but because you are the original Rebel Girl.") While the song's lyrics are somewhat turgid, its melody, which Hill wrote himself, is haunting and complex. But the song was not as well received in the West as Hill's simpler numbers. "I guess . . . the Easterners have more 'Kultur' than the Western roughnecks," he wrote Miss Flynn.

Hill's letters show that he was always thinking of his art—he discusses his songs with much more intensity than he does his case—and that he spent a good deal of time musing about Miss Flynn. These lively concerns make his attitude about his execution even more astonishing: that given the chance to remain alive, he chose to die rather than compromise a principle.

The case against Joe Hill was built on the murder of a prominent citizen of Salt Lake City. For Hill, the central issue was the procedure governing his first trial. In a letter to the Salt Lake *Telegram,* Hill pointed out that "there had to be a 'goat.'" He felt that he had been chosen because he was a "friendless tramp, a Swede and, worst of all, an IWW who had no right to live anyway." It was the simple principle that a man is innocent until proved guilty, which he refused to compromise. He asserted that the evidence against him had been wholly contrived by the prosecution: that the anti-labor feeling in Salt Lake City—accentuated by a hostile press—made it impossible for jurors to judge him fairly. Testimony had been forged during the trial, time sequences changed, prejudiced jurors not challenged, motives manufactured by news reporters. Moreover, witnesses had changed their stories from day to day. "I am going to have a new trial or die trying," he wrote to the Utah Board of Pardons.

In the midst of the national furor, the Board of Pardons offered Hill clemency if he would agree to quit discussing his case publicly. He explained his refusal in a letter to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn: "I suppose they are going to give me life

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if I beg for it real nice. Now I'll tell you, Gurley, I never did like the ring of that word 'pardon,' and I think I'd rather be buried dead than buried alive. I never 'licked the hand that held the whip' yet, and I don't see why I should have to start now." It was an attitude that seems to have satisfied Hill aesthetically as well as politically. "I have lived like an artist and I shall die like an artist," he concluded in his letter to the Salt Lake *Telegram*. "I will die like a true rebel," he told friends in the IWW.

Hill's letters afford a view of the man's personality and life; but they raise human questions which only an imaginative historian can answer. Although Philip Foner, in *The Case of Joe Hill,* makes a strong case for Hill against the Utah courts, he does not choose to search beneath the old court records and the musty newspaper clippings to uncover the personality of the defendant. Was it entirely for his principles that Hill chose to be executed? In Wallace Stegner's novel, *The Preacher and the Slave,* based on Hill's life, the protaganist says: " 'I want to die like a martyr. . . .' The words were like the striking of a light, for having said them he knew that they were true and had been true from the beginning." Can this be the truth about Hill? At 31, involved in his art, in love with a woman, was he moved by motives that were so crudely masochistic? Philip Foner notes the words of a Salt Lake *Telegram* reporter: "He believes himself a martyr. He feels that he is giving his life to advance the spirit of fair trial in Utah." Foner comments: "One is privileged, like some writers, to sneer at this. But there is little doubt that Joe Hill felt it sincerely, even though he did write to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, 'I have absolutely no desire to be one of them what-ye-call-'em-martyrs!' "

Men like Joe Hill are dropped too quickly out of American history studies. Why are their stories so rarely discussed in the colleges and graduate schools, or by the professional writers? American historians do not treat an unflinching rebel like Hill with enough importance to look beneath his manifest anger for the complexities he represents, and thereby lose much of the subtlety of our history: the severe conflicts that split so many reformist or revolutionary groups, and the varied ideas of social change that led men to form so many competing organizations. In his preface, Philip Foner notes that though Alfred Hayes and Earl Robinson wrote a song, Wallace Stegner a novel, and Barrie Stavis a play about Joe Hill, accounts of his case are noticeably absent from standard American histories. That is a fault these two little books work to correct.

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ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor of architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.

The decision of the Whitney Museum of American Art to erect a new building on Madison Avenue in New York marked its advance from adolescence to manhood among New York's museums. Having been thought of for many years as a promising nephew of the brilliant Museum of Modern Art, it now purports to become an independent force and a major component in the city's pattern of cultural institutions. The Whitney's rise will certainly be helped by its excellent location on a spine of galleries, antique shops and museums stretching from 57th Street to the "magnets" of the Guggenheim and the Metropolitan. This area has become the world's greatest art market now that Americans have discovered that "paintings can yield profit with honor," as Charles Abrams puts it in *The City Is the Frontier.* The new museum will strengthen the existing linear pattern and avoid fostering the Lincoln Center type of nodal concentration, denounced by Percival Goodman and other critics who would prefer a greater spread of institutions to enliven more sectors of the city. Too great a distance from the center would have cut the appeal of the museum, as witness the empty halls of the Brooklyn Museum during lunch hour compared, say, to the Frick Gallery. Easy access to office workers who can drop in for a few minutes is undoubtedly one of the keys to the success of the Museum of Modern Art (yet when the Whitney occupied the adjoining location it suffered from being second choice to its neighbor).

The appointment of Marcel Breuer as architect for the new museum may turn out to be an asset equal to the excellent choice of site. Hungarian born, an *alter Kämpfer* of the legendary Bauhaus, Breuer is a leader in the mannerist coterie of New York architects, and his design promised on paper to offer more than yet another exercise in the curtain-wall vernacular. Soon Madison Avenue's sidewalk superintendents were marveling at the outlandish structure slowly taking shape on the corner of 75th Street. Growing out of its moat, a concrete box boldly unfolded itself in three projecting shelves. The few orifices of the box were shaped into sharp-angled protrusions and the top shelf, facing the avenue, was outfitted with an enormous Cyclops eye that stared uptown as if to command the approaches from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

As the structure neared completion, a facing of dark granite was applied to the concrete — to the undisguised relief of many neighbors — and the building now stands complete: a dignified if somewhat odd fellow, quiet, urbane, dark and virile, it invites comparison with the pseudo-Venetian frills of the Huntington Hartford, the somewhat bloodless elegance of Philip Johnson's galleries, or the dynamic arrogance of the Gugggenheim Museum. Breuer is a good-humored, fatherly man with true-blue eyes, his white hair cut in geometric fashion like the late Bertolt Brecht's. His speech is rich with the accents of his native Baranya Province as he explains his design: "It is the site that suggested this solution. Elsewhere I would build differently." He likes José Luis Sert's buildings for the Maeght collection in the Provence; flooded with light, white. "In the Mediterranean I also would design for sun, use lighter colors. Here the quality of light is not dependable. Concrete does not age well in this dirty air; that is why we used granite veneer." Lest someone accuse him of not building according to Bauhaus ethics, he hastens to add: "Note that the granite is clearly ex-

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pressed as facing. It does not try to imitate masonry."

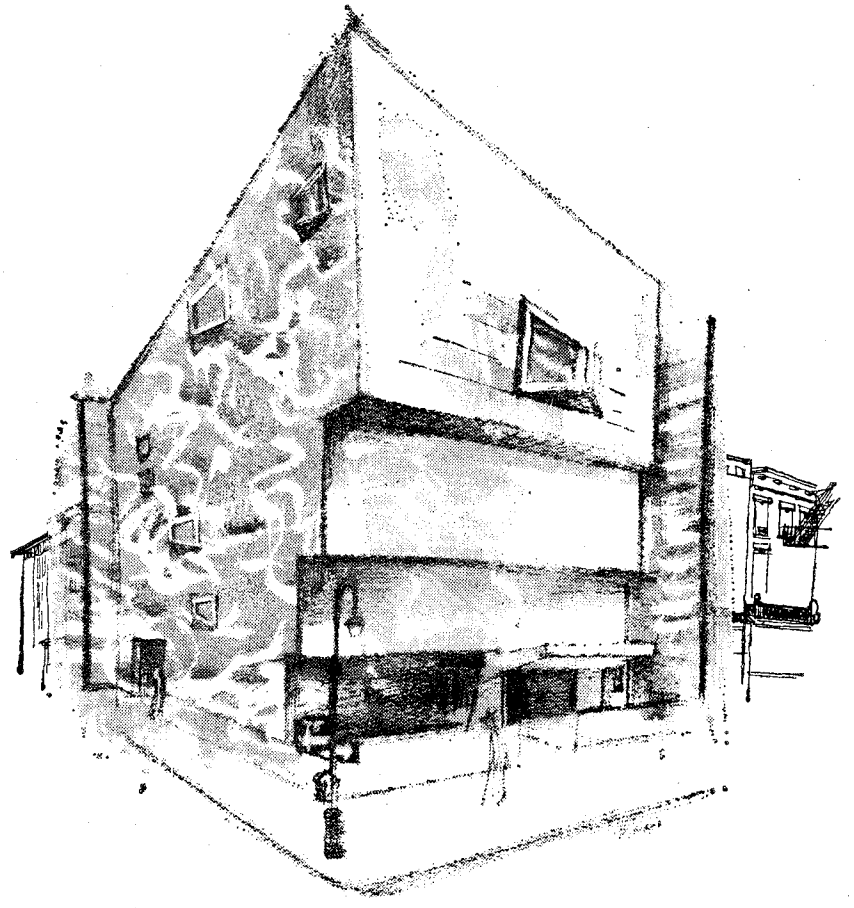
Breuer did not choose the site and he would clearly have preferred to design the museum as a free-standing building. In its actual location the formal problems of a corner lot, and the functional headaches arising from its small size are aggravated by the fact that the museum is a "happening" in the larger experience of Madison Avenue. Baroque architects excelled in shaping their buildings to enhance the contained activity and still fit harmoniously into the larger pattern of urban space. This skill has since been lost, and I feel that even Breuer's solution is only partly successful. The building has a corner site, yet the volume does not turn the corner but presents its flank to 75th Street. It faces Madison Avenue with a show of contrasting volumes, overhanging box and open space below, clearly implying the entrance. On its southern boundary the museum rubs shoulders with leftover little brownstones which will surely not survive for long, and whatever building replaces them is likely to outbulk the Whitney. To parry in advance this undesirable effect, Breuer has pulled up a concrete wall along the property line; it looks stark at present but may eventually prove useful. In addition, the main volume of the museum has been set off from adjacent buildings by recessing the width of a stairwell and thus creating a "quasi free-standing" effect. The main entrance is indicated by a concrete canopy above the sunken sculpture court. Seen from the street, the busy shape of this canopy intersects the horizontals of the main buildings and conflicts with the powerful statement of the stepped overhanging volumes. From above, the sculpture court looks deep and rather narrow, but Breuer points out that on its own level it is felt as an extension of the sculpture gallery. The court may lack the sheltered privacy one used to enjoy in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art before the visitor explosion, but this is offset by the dynamic interaction between indoors and outdoors — the interpenetration of street space and gallery. The incident of the sunken court certainly enlivens the avenue and entices passers-by to enter and explore further.

Any reservations one may have had about the building vanish at the entrance: inside, one is struck by the balanced proportions of the space and the masterly handling of materials and detail. The building was obviously planned from the inside and with sympathetic understanding of how a museum works. As I was being shown around by curator John Gordon, who displayed the affectionate pride of a new home owner, I could not fail to contrast his attitude with the history of bitter controversy between director and architect of the Guggenheim Museum.

I am not one of the dyspeptic detractors of the Guggenheim, which is the shell of the most memorable interior in the city. And speaking as a museum addict rather than as an architect, I find that the Guggenheim offers unique experiences: it is possible to compare several paintings across the well, from a distance where the large lines of composition are most eloquent; at the same time, one can advance to close quarters for a study of grain and texture. This twofold enjoyment is absent in a corridor-type arrangement like Johnson's Utica Museum, where one is either close to a painting or approaches it from a distorting angle. The Whitney's galleries are not experimental in the sense of the Guggenheim, nor can they compete with the spatial drama of Wright's building. Instead, they offer a total internal flexibility that calls for creative effort on the part of the curator in arranging the displays, rather than reducing his freedom to deciding upon a hanging sequence. The spatial quality of the Whitney's interiors is better than any space in the Museum of Modern Art. This is especially noticeable on the fourth floor, a generous 125 feet long and nearly 18 feet high, which can be subdivided at will by a system of movable panels into an almost infinite number of combinations.

The ceiling of the galleries is a heavy concrete grid hung from the beams, with general illumination projected upward and tracks for spotlights on the under side. This is a great improvement over the conventional luminescent ceiling, which has a thin, industrial quality. Natural light floods the sculpture floor but the painting galleries are designed for artificial light, since Breuer feels that for pictures natural light changes too rapidly with moving clouds, sun and the reflection from adjacent façades. Another function of windows, ventilation, is removed by air conditioning; nor is there much incentive to provide views, since none of the neighboring structures merit a glance. This is a pity, for the dialogue between good old and new architecture — as between the Racquet Club and the Seagram Building, or the new Chase Tower and the Federal Reserve Bank — provides the high points of the urban scene. Such windows as there are in the Whitney exist to provide orientation with respect to the streets, and to relieve visual fatigue by permitting an occasional glimpse of the sky. The large "eye" of the top gallery is remarkably successful in this, and its side-lit surface has something of the quality admired in Vermeer's interiors.

Breuer's superb treatment of materials



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and detail deserves special mention; they restate in specific terms the importance of the building as a whole. The black stone sales desk in the lobby is a work of art, and the splendid railings of the stair remind one of Breuer's background as a master of furniture design. Compared to the oily touch of painted concrete in the Guggenheim, or the sissy paneling in the Huntington Hartford, or even the cold perfectionism of Johnson's interiors, Breuer's textures are a delight to touch or to walk upon, as well as to see. This success is the more remarkable since the 82,000 square feet of the building cost only $3.3 million or just $40 per square foot — a figure well below the cost of comparable structures.

The 19th-century public museum was a temple of culture, elevated on a throne of steps to humble the citizens who ascended to view the communal treasures. The contemporary museum has become a community center emphasizing adult education; its methods of stirring interest and attracting visitors are somewhat in the aggressive manner of a department store. In view of this trend, the Whitney's plant seems a bit old-fashioned; it offers a cafeteria, a members' lounge and a small auditorium, but it lacks classrooms and its library is not available to the public. Its present loan policy is not directed to individuals and the building is not programed to provide for a future large-scale loan operation.

The major weakness of the present design may be that the building is patterned for a finite size; growth has not been considered. The Whitney now owns only a few thousand objects, but with the art boom and the rising interest in American art it is clear that the collection will balloon. More space will be needed unless the directors decide to keep the volume of the collection constant. This could be achieved by periodic revision and auctions, thus constantly upgrading the core of the collection. Yet unlimited acquisitiveness is a characteristic of Western civilization and curators are reluctant to dispense with any part of their collection. John Gordon feels that taste and value judgments change so rapidly that a curator needs the hindsight of at least fifty years before he can safely assume the responsibility of releasing an item. The inevitable result is storage, but one of the roots of art, surely, is the desire to communicate and it is strangled if the art work is not on display. Most artists would prefer their work to be enjoyed by a few rather than wait for rediscovery in a museum warehouse. Perhaps it would be possible to establish museum branches in smaller towns or universities or to revolutionize the loan policy by lending to individuals. Either policy would save an ever-increasing percentage of the collection from gathering dust in remote storage. On the other hand, if the policy is unlimited acquisition for display, the expansion problem should have been faced. This might have led to a more "open-ended" building. Breuer says expansion could not be studied since the Whitney has no control over adjacent property. We need some form of legislation to enable an institution of national importance such as the Whitney to exercise a right of "first option" when adjacent property changes hands. Also, the architect of such an institution should have a degree of design control over plans for adjacent buildings to insure visual coordination. This would serve the aesthetic welfare of the community, but the guarantee of orderly development would also, I am sure, enhance surrounding land values.

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THE LANDLORD

The landlord, his horse's head in our window, is unmoved by the startled cries of my friends. Go away, I yell. Have you no conscience at all? Can't you see we're entertaining! My wife is stricken, the children weeping. And my friends angrily question me. How do I know who he is, I say, near tears myself. Then I say to them, It's the landlord,

relieved to be able to speak of it to others, at last. But my friends catch sight of the animal's huge flanks and forelegs; their rage is frightening. Have you no decency, one says, telling us a thing like that. Just some more of your kind of nastiness. It's a fact, I reply. All the worse, my other friend says, at the door. And they depart. I confess

I understand their indignation, but what are we to do? Move out? Find a landlord more human? Is there such an animal? (I've heard stories I could tell you.) Winter was tolerable; but now he warms to us. Already he's slaughtered our garden and grazes by appletrees in the field behind our house, devouring the pippins, the timothy. All night he wheezes and

snorts. Mornings, standing naked, shaving, I hear the stallion's snickering whinney. This afternoon I found him, in an unspeakable state, eyeing my wife. It's no use talking to him. Meanwhile the landlord is rubbing on the porch, my wife's run outside, stepping carefully I hope, only to return, sobbing; and the great public humiliation has begun.

STEPHEN PARKER

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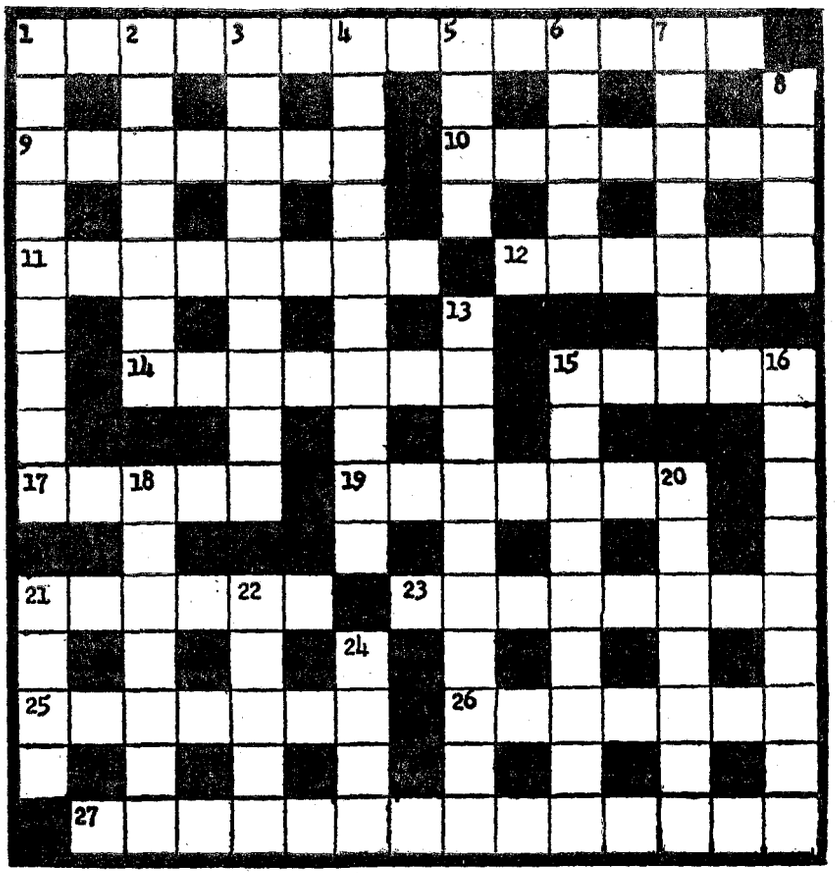
Crossword Puzzle No. 1168

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 City-state, in short, with a certain amount of property for the revolutionary cause. (6, 8)
9 Its lens shows up what a joiner does, perhaps. (7)
10 See 15 across
11 Doesn't give a credit statement, obviously. (8)
12 Comes down quickly with a point touching two circles in addition to letters. (6)
14 and 23 Not one who counts on his fingers when the program calls for activity! (7, 8)
15 and 10 He is simply super, and certainly carries his point! (5-7)
17 The G.I. make-up of the crew? (5)
19 The quality of recent productions? (7)
21 Sounds asinine as a suggestion of one way to cook! (6)
25 Suggests some incredulity on the part of the non-professional, as money is commonly spent. (4, 3)
26 Come again? You'll recognize it in any writer, at ease! (7)
27 In the interim, impress political figures with it? (5, 9)

DOWN:

1 Many groceries have a fairly wide one, but it might be long in depression. (9)
2 Paid respects to the sealer in unhappy circumstances. (7)
3 Laughton's type of vigorous projection? (9)
4 Saying South Carolina is superior to North Carolina? (10)
5 Hit on the foot? (4)
6 One fell on unknown soil, poetically.
7 Shoots up periodically from this. (7)
8 Laid down by Ben Battle after a cannon-ball took off his legs. (4)
13 A rather drawn-out parliamentary procedure, but some shoot in it. (4-6)
15 The wakeful do, such as their nights might be! (9)
16 Bill may be unattached, when so like many a jumper after the hurdle. (9)
18 A cold mass usually has 13. (7)
20 Give a position to. (7)
21 One might be in uncomfortable position behind the 17 type. (4)
22 A Beethoven movement might be feeling after it. (5)
24 A 7 of the aspiring New York team?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1167

ACROSS: 1 Brother-in-law; 10 Envying; 11 Packrat; 12 Manon; 13 Islington; 14 Dress shops; 16 Edda; 18 Saps; 20 and 7 Unfinished worsted; 23 On the spot; 25 Eliza; 27 Bearing; 28 Night letters. DOWN: 2 Revenge; 3 Thinness; 4 and 26 English on the ball; 5 Impel; 6 Lacing; 8 Bermuda shorts; 9 Standard gauge; 15 Printable; 17 Ci-devant; 19 Pattern; 21 Hairier; 22 Penang; 24 Pilot.

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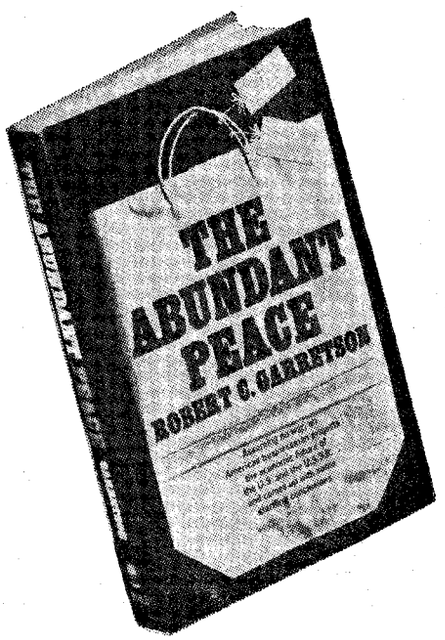

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